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June 1913

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

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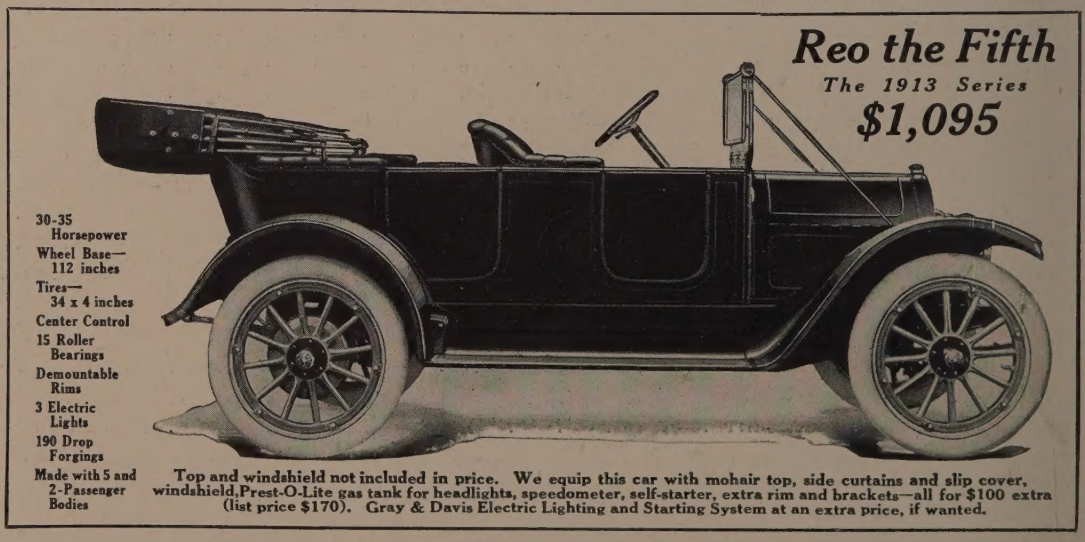

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THE THEATRE

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Photo Moffett, Chicago

SARAH BERNHARDT ON HER SPECIAL TRAIN

This photograph, just taken in Chicago, is of exceptional interest, it being probably one of the last to be taken in this country of the great French tragedienne. Mme. Bernhardt's American tour began on December 2, 1912 and ended May 25, 1913

White

SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE PURPLE ROAD," NOW AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

EMPIRE. "The Amazons." Comedy in three acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Revived on April 28th with this cast:

Barrington ..... Shelly Hull	Orts ..... Barrett Barker
Galfred ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk	Miriam ..... Annie Esmond
Andre ..... Fritz Williams	Lady Noeline ..... Miriam Clements
Rev. Minchin ..... Morton Selten	Lady Wilhelmina ..... Dorothy Lane
Fitton ..... Thomas Reynolds	Lady Thomasin ..... Billie Burke
Youatt ..... Arthur Fitzgerald	"Sergeant" Shuter ..... Lorena Atwood

"The Amazons" was first seen in New York at the old Lyceum Theatre on February 19, 1894. The story in brief is as follows: Lady Castlejordan, out of respect to her late husband, and disappointed that her only three children are girls instead of boys, brings them up as young gentlemen, attiring them in manly costumes and familiarizing them with all kinds of sports and pastimes peculiar to men. They smoke, ride, hunt and amuse themselves with gymnastic exercises. But the arrival on the scene of three suitors speedily effects a complete revolution in the sentiments of each. Amazons though they are, women they quickly discover themselves to be. The whole action of the play thenceforward resolves itself into the pairing off of the several couples after many complications and much lively incident.

What the present performance lacks over its original production are the advantages that accrue to any performance of any play from the stock company organization. The latter is a dramatic family, and the *esprit de corps* of such a body of players must be missing in any company specially engaged, no matter how good actors the individual members may be. In this case, Miss Esmond and Mr. Selten are not substitutes for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott of the Old Lyceum Company, nor is Miss Clements able to maintain her performance of Lady Noeline Belturbet as was Miss Georgie Cayvan in the same part. Mr. Fritz Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk resumed their old parts of Count de Grival and Lord Tweenways; the former better than ever, and the latter as the amusing Earl a bit slow. Miss Billie Burke is starred as Tommy Belturbet. There is nothing remarkable about her performance. Bessie Tyree (the original) was quite as good as the star, if not better. The play itself is sweet, wholesome and amusing. When the then Mr. Pinero wrote it he must have enjoyed himself, and his joyousness in his work infects the audience with the same spirit. An enthusiastic audience greeted an old friend with acclaim.

White

Interior of the new Longacre Theatre on Forty-eighth Street, west of Broadway

---

GARDEN. "The Passing of the Idle Rich." Drama in four acts by Margaret Townsend. Produced on May 1st with this cast:

Katherine Lyman, Mina Barrington; John Wolcott, E. L. Ferenderez; Mrs. Jones, Marie Burke; Jack Jones, Graydon Fox; Eleanor Jones, Ethel Valentine; C. L. Jones, W. H. Howell; Sherman Rutherford, Horace Cooper; Georgiana Oats, Edna Mason; Cornelia Stuyvesant, Dorothy Quincy; Willie Wistey, Horace Cooper; Hemingway Baldwin, Elis Matin; Caroline Pell, Mary Murello; Lura Duane, Barney Harris; George Lyman, Gauble; Mayor Persomby, Alexander Loftus; Duke of Orford, Leslie Kenyon; Captain of Olympic, Allen Summers; Mrs. Spencer, Victoria Montgomery; Nanette, Viola Osmund; Henry Gailts, LeRoy Pruette; Foreman, Frank Bixby; Towers, Jack Murry.

"The Passing of the Idle Rich" is an original drama in four acts (not a dramatization), embracing the capital and labor proposition as presented in the articles written by Frederick Townsend Martin. The occasion appeared to be, or was sought to be made of interest to

people of fashion and wealth. Of course this was immaterial and incidental, for the play intended to occupy the stage of a theatre even for one brief week must be designed to attract the general public. It is dangerous to put forward any play in any other than a professional way. The piece was acted well by handsome young women and presentable young men, but for the most part they were amateurs. The production was marked by hasty preparation. It is almost inevitable that such productions be described in the newspapers with some derision. It is the penalty of not doing things professionally. We do not think that the play, its acting and its production altogether merits such treatment. The story was loosely put together, but it had an idea in it. It lacked compactness, and yet the elements of a play were there. The plot is not an unfamiliar one, for it concerns the bartering of a daughter for a title. She escapes immediately after the marriage ceremony, and after she returns from her self-imposed exile it is discovered by the lawyer of the family that the marriage was invalid because of her insufficient age at the time. The discussions about capital and labor were not without their points. However, the play as presented and in point of fact is thoroughly amateurish.

CASINO. "THE MIKADO." Operetta in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Revived on April 21st with this cast:

The Mikado	George J. MacFarlane	Yum-Yum	Gladys Caldwell
Nanki-Poo	Arthur Aldridge	Pitti-Sing	Anna Wheaton
Ko-Ko	De Wolf Hopper	Peep-Bo	Louise Barthel
Pooh-Bah	Arthur Cunningham	Katisha	Kate Condon

The Shubert-Brady revival of "The Mikado" preserves the spirit of the original performances in a gratifying way. De Wolf Hopper is not new to the character in Ko-Ko, and he has never played it better. It is a rôle that cannot well be overplayed, for Gilbert's humor and fantastic drollery reach a height that requires droll expression pushed to the limit. Of course, the effect could be impaired by coarse acting, but Mr. Hopper's spirit of humor is so abundant and vigorous that he justified the most extravagant things that he did. Much of the comedy was Mr. Hopper's own. His reluctance to reconciling himself with Katisha is something worth seeing. It is very important in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas that the words be heard distinctly. Sullivan's music takes that into consideration. More attention to it might be urged in this production. Arthur Cunningham as Pooh-Bah was particularly mindful of good enunciation. George MacFarlane as the Mikado distinguished himself by a new contribution; he made of the Mikado a less potentous person, and he has an exceptionally fine baritone voice. The entire cast was fit. The three little maids were Gladys Caldwell, Anna Wheaton and Louise Barthel. Kate Condon as Lady Katisha, if we should make comparisons, which is wholly unnecessary, sang the part well and acted it moderately.

LYCEUM. "THE NECKEN." Drama in two acts by Elizabeth G. Crane. Produced on April 15th with this cast:

Sven	Conrad Cantzen	Astrid	Edith Yeager
Brita	Kate Mayhew	A Monk	George Currie
Toa	Alice Newell	Torvald	George Cameron
Inga	Alberta Gallatin	Svanhild	Lettie Ford
Sigurd	Ernest Weir	First Maid	Emily V. Lawshe
Jan, the Necken	Laurence Eyre	Second Maid	Isabel Calder
Lennart	William H. Post	Village Youth	Marion Earnshaw

"The Necken" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre by the Sydney Rosenfeld Production Co., as a part of the movement more or less directly related, begun by the Federation of Theatre Clubs to promote native authorship. The comfort afforded in this case concerned individuals rather than the public itself. The idea of the play is too far away from our habits of thought. It was written by Miss Elizabeth G. Crane on the basis of an old Scandinavian legend, wherein a water sprite, in human guise, falls in love with and is loved by the daughter of a farmer in whose service he is employed. His refusal to drink on a certain occasion of a religious ceremony reveals him as a pagan, and he is thrust out. A violin plays a part in this story, but it is not entirely clear to what purpose. In some way it bewitches the goblin sweetheart and draws her to the fountain in which the goblin lives. She escapes the fascination of the water and we believe that the goblin is to return regenerated and that happiness is to be the result. The acting in this little play was better than the play itself. The performance was supplemented by "The Guilty Conscience," a play in one act by Robert H. Davis. This little play was not so well acted, and perhaps with a little revision and better acting it would serve its purpose of entertainment. A detective, whose method is based on a study of psychology, forces the one who has in her possession a stolen diamond necklace to confess and deliver to him the box.

(*Continued on page x*)

Copyright Charles Frohman Dorothy Lane Billie Burke Miriam Clements

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE AMAZONS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Photo Bert

SARAH BERNHARDT AS THEODORA

The Divine Sarah Again With Us

SARAH BERNHARDT! What a world the name suggests! What famous stage heroines it conjures up!

Sarah Bernhardt has been with us once more. For the last time? Who knows? There seems to be some superior essence of life vibrating in the fibres of this wonderful woman that supplies her with inexhaustible youth and energy. All the beauty she has felt and rendered plastic to two generations of playgoers seems to have breathed a breath eternal into her fragile form. Our children and their children must receive their most intense and perfect impressions of art and beauty on the stage through Sarah's genius that thrilled our fathers before us.

For her first appearance in a New York vaudeville house, the Palace Theatre Madame Bernhardt chose a one-act play written by her son, Maurice, and Henri Cain. The story of "Une Nuit de Noël sous la Terreur" was easily understood even by those ignorant of French, largely because of its simplicity and directness, but above all because of the great artist's illuminative acting. Marion la Vivandière comes with a company of "sans-culottes" to a Vendean farm, where the Comtesse de Kersan and her child are hiding from the terrorists. Marion suspects the identity of the little aristocrat in peasant clothes, and is tempted to betray her to the captain, but the tears of the comtesse soften her and make her hesitate. Presently the count rushes in to embrace his wife and child. He has been defeated and a prize is set on his head. Marion is moved to pity, and in a long speech pleads with captain and soldiers for the count's life. Of course, she ultimately succeeds in saving him. The playlet is a well-presented episode from the French Revolution, yet it seems doubtful whether it would hold the interest of our audiences if anyone but Bernhardt impersonated Marion. She lends new life and color to a somewhat hackneyed type and fills one's heart with enthusiasm over lines that, in cold print, would appear very little better than ordinary. She delivers her plea to the soldiers with such delicate pathos, such mastery of tone and gesture, that she was repeatedly interrupted by salvos of applause.

"They like my play, do you think?" Madame Bernhardt asked

the representative of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in her dressing room after the first performance. "I am so glad. It is charming and interesting to me, because, you see, my son wrote it for me."

There was a dreamy look of gentle mother's pride in her eyes, and then, with a quick little turn of the head and a charming gesture toward the stage:

"She sings well; she has a beautiful voice," referring to Mlle. Fregoleska, who succeeded her on the bill. "They will like her, too; I hope they will!"

Genuine kindness of heart showed through this little remark, and many others that she made. No wonder this extraordinary woman has captured every heart, no matter where she has been; no wonder that millions of people who have never seen her except behind the footlights feel real affection for her and familiarly speak of her as "Sarah." All the fine qualities in the nature of an artist must needs shine through her art and ennoble and broaden it. Whether Bernhardt is Marion or Lucrezia Borgia, Camille or Theodora, Phèdre or La Tosca—there is always the lovable woman back of the great French artiste. The public not only admires the actress, but also loves the woman.

When one sees Sarah Bernhardt, still, at her age, in full possession of her power and magnetism, still youthful and beautiful on the stage, vibrating with energy, full of lively charm in private life, one can hardly believe that she is, after all, but made of human clay, and that in years to come there will be nothing left of this eminent actress but memories—memories of a woman who lent her voice of gold to the musical words of poets; whose eyes conveyed to us the passions and frenzies of all womankind; whose lips inspired with humanity the wild imaginations of dreamers; whose hands expressed mute tenderness or silent agony more forcibly than words could do, and whose gestures, whose every movement were a perfect thing of beauty. *"Reine des attitudes et Princesse du Geste,"* as Edmond Rostand calls her in his famous sonnet.

Memories of Bernhardt will linger, like precious little gifts, in the hearts of all those who ever saw her. But what will become of the traditions of her grand, poetic art? Will there ever be an artist delicate and big enough to absorb them so completely as to carry Sarah Bernhardt's mission onward to a later generation? Another dramatic genius will be born, no doubt, but it will be different, as Sarah Bernhardt is different from Rachel who came before her.

The Conservatoire National of dramatic art in Paris is the temple where such traditions are kept sacred for young talents to profit by to the best of their abilities. Madame Bernhardt herself, who received her early tutoring at the Conservatoire, was called upon a few years ago to hold a chair there. But at length she found it too absorbing a duty to combine with all her other activities. Yet, never was there a teacher more beloved! How could it be otherwise? There is a magic spell about her that enthralls all those who come in personal contact with her. When you meet her and she smiles at you with sympathy and understanding for all your little unspoken woes and joys, you cannot help but love her.

"Venez près de moi, ma chérie. . . ."

And she draws you close to her and seems so happy to hear French words from strange lips in this big, English-speaking country, that you are admitted into her intimacy, as it were, right from the start. And when you kiss the wonderfully expressive hand that she has laid on yours, and she smiles at you and offers you her cheek, a subtle relationship is established between her and yourself before you know how it all came about. It is made of your admiration for the artist, your love for the woman and of her live interest in every human being. Sarah Bernhardt is related to the whole world through the keenness of her sensibilities and the natural bent of her great big heart to sympathize with others. Every little emotion in a fellow being she finds worthy of her consideration; it is a real, living thing to her—just as through her acting she has made real and living all the emotions

Photo Manuel

AN ARTISTIC CORNER IN MME. BERNHARDT'S RECEPTION ROOM IN HER PARIS HOME

The large picture above the mantelpiece is a painting of Bernhardt by Clairin

of humanity. Passionate tenderness and a great desire to love and to be loved are among the most predominant traits of her nature.

As a child she was put into a convent for her education; and when her beautiful and worldly mother was far away on her long journeys the little girl gave all her heart to Jesus and the Virgin Mary. For many years her only wish was to take the vows and join the community of gentle nuns at her beloved convent. And when her mother came to Paris on one of her short visits, Sarah pleaded with her, begged and cajoled her, until that pretty, passive young woman resisted no longer. All seemed to be arranged to the child's satisfaction, when a family counsel was called to decide definitely upon her future. There were long discussions without any conclusion in view, when suddenly the Duc de Morny rose and said:

"Madame, you should send her to the Conservatoire. That is my advice."

And gallantly he kissed the lady's hand and left the room.

The word "conservatoire" fell like a bomb among the assembly, and Sarah remained as thunderstruck. She did not know what it was, but she felt that it meant giving up her long cherished ideal: the convent.

"Mon Dieu, the bitter tears I wept," she says with a soft little smile as she recalls the day when her future was determined; "and how I hated the Duc de Morny! How I hoped to die before I could be taken to the Conservatoire! I was told that young people studied for the stage there, and I wanted so to become a religieuse!"

But as soon as her dramatic studies began they captivated her interest and flattered her imagination.

"It is the same with all in my life. When a new thing comes I fight against it frantically, and when it is there I throw myself into it with all my passion."

How many, many thanks the world owes to the Duc de Morny for his carelessly dropped advice!

During her three years at the Conservatoire the young student lived with her family, and although her mother visibly preferred her younger daughter, Jeanne, and took but a casual interest in Sarah's artistic development, the young girl's heart went out to her in unfaltering love and tender admiration. Even when she was quite grown up and had made her professional début at the Comédie Française, she used to beg for a caress that had filled her childhood with dreamy delight: the gentle touch of her mother's long, silky eyelashes brushing her cheek like the wing of a butterfly.

Sarony

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA SAMARITAINE"

Sarah Bernhardt has been much criticized as a woman. But should one who is capable of such devotion, of such abnegation as she has shown publicly during the national disaster, and privately many, many times before and since, be held to severe account for her little whims and fancies? Assuredly not. Some of them may be the very things that show she is a human being, that is, imperfect. Some others may simply be clever little tricks of réclame. For, although she is the representative dramatic genius of our time, she is also a shrewd business woman, and knows that the right kind of advertisement fills the box office.

Not that she is at all eager for money for its own sake, but her tastes are luxurious and her wants, consequently, very large. She has made fortunes and spent them, unthoughtful of the future, never investing a penny. In order to supply her needs she has often been compelled to do things that, under other circumstances, would have offended her sensibilities. It is not likely that she consented to appear on the variety stage for any other reasons but financial. And it does seem sacrilege to find an artist of her calibre in the sanctum of vaudeville deities. But we must not forget that Sarah Bernhardt, although par excellence an aristocrat among her profession, has always been very democratic. Aristocratic in her tastes and democratic in her dealings with others. This becomes evident when one considers the two great causes for her enormous expenses: beautiful things and kind deeds. She has surrounded herself with the finest works of art, the rarest books, the most precious laces and jewels, at any cost, because money counts for nothing with her, and an atmosphere saturated with beauty counts for everything. Her house is open to every man and woman of talent and distinction, and there is many a brilliant writer, many a successful artist now in Paris who would still be starving in a garret of Montmartre, struggling for recognition, had it not been for the great Sarah's kindly help. She never speaks of all these obscurely noble actions, because no sooner are they done than she forgets all about them. And her own disregard for the benefactions she distributes right and left makes them all the finer and more worthy.

But the most valuable help that Madame Bernhardt has given to artists of all kinds was not monetary. She has given them the benefit of her exceptional artistic culture and helped them onward with intelligent advice and encouragement, advice which she herself put into practice when her theatrical work left her a moment's leisure. There was rarely, if ever, a woman who attempted to manifest her personality in as

(Continued on page ix)

MARGUERITE CLARK

This well-known actress recently appeared in "Are You a Crook?" at the Longacre Theatre

A Toy Theatre to be Managed by Two Girls

MANY men have tried to manage a theatre and many of them have failed. A few women have essayed the same task and, with a few exceptions, the attempt soon passed into the mists of memory. Maxine Elliott's Theatre perpetuates her name despite her prolonged absence from New York, and Philadelphians of mellow memories recall the reign of Mrs. John Drew over local companies. Mrs. Mary Spooner leased two Brooklyn houses and with the aid of her daughters, Edna May Spooner and Cecil Spooner, enjoyed a vogue of several seasons in the city connected with New York by a more or less often-crossed bridge. Sara Allgood managed the Abbey Theatre and directed the work of the Irish Players for two seasons in Dublin, until a physician offered her the choice between suspended activities or shattered nerves. She chose the suspended managerial activities Playhouse management and the direction of companies has thus far assumed the aspect of a task too huge for the delicate energies of women. Yet this fact has not dismayed the Nash sisters. Mary and Florence Nash are undismayable. They will build their undertaking of a toy repertoire theatre in New York next season upon the cornerstone of their conviction that everyone should take the chance to try to do what she thinks she can do.

White

MARY AND FLORENCE NASH

These popular young actresses will make a daring theatrical experiment next season. They will take a New York playhouse and manage it, making their own productions. Mary Nash has been playing the telephone girl in "The Woman." Florence Nash is now playing the part of Agnes Lynch in "Within the Law"

They are young and hopeful; but they are, likewise, sage and sophisticated. The education of the theatre is a quick one. In the atmosphere of playhouses talents and character develop as speedily as acquaintance on a Transatlantic steamship. Eight years of such education, plus undeniable talents and the habit of using their brains to good purpose, have equipped them for that innovation in a profession that strives ever for innovations, a girls' theatre.

"We are willing to lose ten thousand on the experiment, but we hope we won't have to do that. Several of our friends are willing to work for nothing, if need be, to play the parts they want to." It was Florence Nash who spoke. Everyone falls after a first glimpse of Florence Nash into the habit of describing her as "cute."

"But we mustn't ask them to do so. This is not to be a charity enterprise. We should run it on business principles." The decision was made by Mary Nash, a stately young woman to whom the term "classic" applies.

"I said 'if need be,'" reminded Florence, who is tiny and fluffy-haired, who has a saucy, pointed chin, and laughing eyes. Mary, a serious young person who wears her hair in long, sleek black bands, and whose dark eyes and even her smile are grave, crossed the drawing room of the beautiful Nash apartment and kissed the part in her little sister's tresses.

A difference of two years lie between the girls in age. Mary is two years the elder, and a world's width of character and temperament. Their unlikeness in thought and speech is marked, but they've a meeting ground of unusual cleverness and a more than usual sisterly affection.

"I am planning to produce Strindberg plays, and Chatterton, and Oscar Wilde, plays in which no manager would give us a chance because managers would keep any actress going on as long as the brook, in parts in which she had demonstrated she could play well. I have in mind Strindberg's 'The Stronger.' I want Mary to play the wife. She will do that beautifully, and she shall be the duchess in one of Wilde's strongest dramas. I know she will make a superb duchess."

"It sounds as though Mary were going to play all the big parts." There was a touch of the tenderly maternal as well as sisterly in the smile the "classic" sister bestowed upon the "cute" one.

Little Miss Florence suddenly displayed a shy self-consciousness. "If I told what I should like to play I should be laughed at," she said. By persistence only was it extorted: Nora in "The Doll's House" and Viola in "Twelfth Night."

"I shall be busy managing, anyway. But Mary, as usual, will smile and get her own way."

The little manager cited two old friends, stars both, who would surprise audiences at the girls' theatre by their performances of parts unexpected from them. Frank McIntyre, of "Traveling Salesman" laughter memories, will play serious parts. "Frank can make 'em cry. I've seen him. I worked in stock with him and know," said the diminutive manager to be. Selda Sears, whom we associate with women who have missed matrimony, missed it in both senses, wants to play Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts," and the oral prospectus of the girls' theatre promises that she will please as well as surprise us.

Which house the youthful sisters will take is still uncertain. It will be small. It will be intimate. It will be on Broadway. A five thousand dollar check presented to each of the girls on Christmas by their father, Philip Nash, of the United Booking Offices, made the venture possible. The fund is being augmented by strict economies on the part of the ambitious young persons; sodas, ice creams, boxes of candy, filmy, fluffy creations so enticing as they hang in Fifth Avenue shop windows—productions and salaries will represent abstemiousness from all of these.

Both girls went on the stage because their parents, whom they treat with the *camaraderie* of chums instead of as representatives of another generation, couldn't keep them off. The "classic" girl applied, unknown to them, for a place in "The Girl from Kay's" company. Marie Doro had left the cast and they chose the tyro because the deserter's costumes would fit her. They wouldn't now, for she has outgrown them in each dimension by a generous number of inches. The "cute" girl asked the stage manager of her father's stock company in Washington to give her a trial. When her father was apprised of her application he said to the stage manager: "Give her a chance, if you wish. You'll have to do it to keep her quiet. But fire her as you would anyone else if she doesn't make good." She was not "fired." Both have since formed an acquaintance with that region remote from New York slightingly called "the tall timbers," but which for a limited number of years is so excellent a growing ground for the young actress.

ADA PATTERSON.

Some Spring Plays in Paris

IN the Paris theatres the spring crop of plays is as important as the crop harvested in the fall. Not even great successes there have a run that extends throughout the theatrical season; such a run is, at any rate, exceptional. Playwrights do not expect it; they do not figure on it, and accordingly they demand and receive much greater royalties for the use of their property than their English and American fellows are contented with. Rarely it happens that a play which made a notable success in December in Paris can be seen at the theatre where it was produced by people who delay their visit to the French capital until March. The windy month is, indeed, the time when most of the French theatres change the bill.

This year proved no exception, but the new plays were even a little later in appearing than usual. March was quite well advanced when Bernstein's "Le Secret" went on, and "La Semaine Folle," the great success of the year of the Athénée, had its première on the 29th of March. "Le Minaret," compounded of farce and music, began its amusing career almost simultaneously with Bernstein's drama. The spring production of the latter piece should contradict an impression that light works only are put forward in the spring. M. Hermant's play is a comedy, certainly, but it is also more of a drama than the other pieces shown earlier in the year at the Athénée. The complexion of "The Minaret" has been indicated by calling it a compound of farce and music. That piece *pour rire* is a neighbor of the sun—it is hot-blooded, Eastern, full of risks, but the Parisians have not found it shocking. Not likely that we will find it so either when it comes here, as it surely will, for, compared to "Sumurun," the situations of "The Minaret" compose a mild fairy story.

Henry Bernstein's new piece is being done at the Bouffes-Parisiens. It is a play written powerfully on an old theme, and the secret which gives it a title belongs to a woman's past. In it can be seen further efforts on the author's part—he made them first in "The Attack"—toward humanizing his characters. For his excellent work on this line of "humanization" Bernstein has been applauded by certain French critics who have hitherto held aloof. His big, strong, coarse designs in previous work could only satisfy, these critics said, the outer barbarians—that is, us! And it is a fact that the American and British publics have admired this author for the theatrical conflicts he devised which were developed with admirable progression and big effect. The beings who were caught in the maelstrom of situation were not so interesting, really, as the situations. They had to draw upon their full energies in order to withstand the pressure of destiny. They hadn't time nor need, since the events proved so enthralling, to characterize themselves, except in a square-hewn way, and their maker never left them a quiet moment to respond to the ordinary rhythm of life.

Tendencies toward more careful psychology, noticeable in "The Attack," are realized in "Le Secret." It is to be hoped that Bernstein hasn't neglected technic for psychology, for the former is his *métier*. And the new play disarms this far before it is in the field. The movement of "The Secret" is as vigorous as ever but it is better disciplined. The conflict is not due to any cause outside of the personages—nature or their characters provide it. As I have already said there is nothing exceptional about the story and nothing actually novel in the way it is told; the strength of its interest depends on certain psychological conditions, and relying on these the drama acquires a rare quality. The conditions at moments approach moral crisis, and the people who battle under them do so with intervening periods of relaxation. Thus the piece possesses the accent and allurement of life.

This happy evolution of his playwriting talent has had the richest consequences for Bernstein. It has afforded him time to concentrate his whole talent on characterization; it has given him opportunity to study his people and to show in full, analytical

White

VIOLET HEMING
Recently seen in "The Deep Purple"

quality that few gave him credit for. The five principals of his drama have each a particular physiognomy. They are veritable creatures of flesh, blood and nerves. The three men, Constant Jeannelot, Denis LeGuenn, and Charlie Ponta-Tulli, are in varying degrees authentic representatives of the male sex. They all belong to the current model. Constant is a sensible fellow, inclined to be artistic and who adores his wife. He sees and does his duty, is straightforward and is revolted by the unworthiness and infamy of his wife. He is contemptuous of the misery of LeGuenn, but feels pity for him and is openly pitiful to LeGuenn's wife. Charlie Ponta-Tulli, who shares the "secret" with Mme. LeGuenn, is a *viveur élégant;* appearances are against him, but he is really a sensible and generous man. Of the three, however, Denis LeGuenn touches us most deeply. This is one of the most complete and the most finely shaded rôles that Bernstein has written. He has drawn it with a firm hand and a remarkable virtuosity. The first scene in which Denis appears reveals him to us clearly. His conversations with Gabrielle Jeannelot, his hesitations and timidity, unveil for us a charming and sincere man. He feels that Nature has been a little unjust to him; he is undersized not prepossessing, and he fears that women will be either hostile or indifferent toward him. In order to have all the chances in his favor he is looking forward to marriage with a young girl without a wide acquaintance who will not be equipped to draw comparisons to his disadvantage. And chance ordains that he shall love a widow! Denis has a kind of "phobia" of the past. His is a case of jealousy, at once retrospective and anticipative. Thus he is as much frightened as joyful when he

marries Henriette Hoyleur. As soon as he feels that Henriette returns his love in kind he eagerly welcomes the future. His jealousy vanishes. It is to have a terrible reawakening.

While remaining natural and even a little laughable, LeGuenn is a tragic figure, and he isn't the only one. The women of "The Secret" occupy the first place in the drama after all. Henriette is assembled of all the qualities, strength and weakness of a daughter of Eve. She thinks that happiness is due her, and when it comes late (for her first marriage was unhappy) she abandons herself to it with fervor in the hope that her union with LeGuenn will efface her painful past. Alas! her life has its secret. This secret is innocent compared to Gabrielle's—who deceives us during the first act and a half—for hidden under charming manners and apparent kindness Gabrielle has an irresistible instinct to ruin the people who surround her. She accomplishes this with a duplicity, a refinement of cruelty quite devilish. She is Henriette's intimate, receives her confidences and betrays them. The spectacle of her friend's happiness with LeGuenn inspires in Gabrielle abominable machinations, the crowning one being to invite to the home of her aunt at the time Henriette and her husband are guests there the man for whom Henriette has had a moment of weakness. It is this that results in the catastrophe, and Bernstein's play reveals a double secret, the most profound being the Machiavellian depths of Gabrielle's nature. The danger of this revelation is that it might render the woman completely odious, which the author avoids by following nature. The drama is written in a restrained style, without redundant oratory or false brilliancy. M. Garry plays the difficult rôle of Ponta-Tulli, carrying it with an extraordinary authority; yet the honors of the piece are divided between Mlle. Lély (Henriette) and Mme. Simone (Gabrielle).

"The Mad Week" (comedy in four acts by Abel Hermant) belongs more strictly to the type of play which deserves to be called *Articles de Paris*. It depends more on the clever dialogue, risqué situation and *décors* than this latest success of Bernstein's. When you add that the author is one who has never had a failure in this *genre*, and that the scenes are laid in Venice, also that the action pauses while two of the principals dance the popular tango, it is possible to measure its kind of success. The plot of "The Mad Week" is exceedingly slight. Serge Kamensky (played by André Boulé) has abandoned his wife, Princess Fedosia (Mlle. Ventura), four months after their marriage. The princess rents a palace in Venice and goes to live there with two of her compatriots, her secretary, Semenov, and her musician, Arteniev, who are interested for their own ends in keeping husband and wife apart. At a costume ball given by the Duchess of Ancenis, Fedosia encounters her husband. In order to arouse his jealousy she starts an intrigue with the Marquis de Mauvière (Jacques de Feraudy) and ends by inviting him to go home with her. Kamensky follows them—jealous despite himself—and succeeds by his taunts in goading Fedosia to elope with the Marquis to the neighboring island of Torcello. Again the prince follows them (this is in Act III), arriving as soon as they do, and by his entreaties succeeds in persuading Fedosia to dismiss the Marquis, while they weep over the lost happiness and inquire if they will ever find it again. In Act IV they do find it; they become reconciled, but the Marquis, irritated by the Secretary, Semenov, who has loaned him a revolver, confronts the pair and fires point-blank at the Prince. This nobleman is not killed; he pardons the Marquis, sends Fedosa's bad advisers back to Russia, and the final curtain falls with Fedosia in her husband's arms and the pair making plans to enjoy together the remainder of the Princess' lease of the old Venetian palace. You see, it required considerable spice, including the tango dance, to render this simple fare palatable to the Parisians.

In the first scene between husband and wife Fedosia sees Serge running away from her at the Duchess' ball, and calls: "Serge! Serge! are you running away from me?"

Kamensky: Yes. Discretion is my single virtue, and as I can't flatter myself that it pleases you to see me——

Fedosia: What an idea! If we were bourgeois, we wouldn't see the possibility of each going his own way. But we live at opposite ends of the world, and our meetings should be as precious as they are rare. Do you know, Serge, it is four months and four days since you bade me—good-night? Ah! I've counted them. I felt a veritable joy when I read your name on the list of the Danieli. At that very moment I had just received the Duchess' invitation at the palace, Kamensky.

Kamensky: Only an hour ago I heard that you had leased the palace.

Fedosia: But you did know it! And as soon as I arrive you flee like a malefactor.

Kamensky: The word is strong; still, I've used it myself, and let us admit that I deserve it.

Fedosia: Don't exaggerate. You know me little if you think I would try to make you do anything.

Kamensky: I've been spoiled, I admit, yet—when I've been wrong I'm willing to admit it.

Fedosia: And do better?

Kamensky: Well, I don't like anybody to tell me what I'm to do.

Fedosia: Your conscience tells you?

Kamensky: I detest scenes—and if I flee—ignominiously, it is because, after what has passed between us, it wouldn't be in a woman's nature to spare me one. If you spare me—I——

(*He takes his wife's hand and kisses it.*)

Fedosia: Why are you afraid of me?

Kamensky: Afraid?

Fedosia: Yes. Fear drove you away from me. You were always afraid of me—like our peasants who think I cast spells. *Moujik!*

Kamensky: You're dreaming!

Fedosia: You were afraid at the very beginning, when you felt yourself falling in love. Don't deny it—it's your best excuse, your only excuse. You married me by force—when you believed that I disliked you—out of revenge you soiled what ought to have been sacred between us. Another woman, who didn't fear big words, would tell you

(*Continued on page vi*)

Delisande

*M*ystic murmurs from the depths arise,
*V*ague as sound at night far distant cries
*A*cross a waste held hushed by shrouding skies:—
And *y*et, these sounds breathe griefs and ecstasies.

Dark, *g*loomy woods with silence seem to weave
Some *m*agic spell. Lost from the world of strife,
In Nature's realm, a girl is heard to weep.

She blin*d*ly finds a love, childlike, naïve,
And in it *m*eets with death—death strange as life.—
Sounds fa*i*ntly tremble,—then, in silence, sleep.

R. W. BRUNER.

(*By taking the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, and so on, the name Mary Garden will be formed.*)

Mishkin

EVA SWAIN
Danseuse seen at the Metropolitan Opera House

White

ELSIE FERGUSON AND DUSTIN FARNUM IN THE REVIVAL OF "ARIZONA" AT THE LYRIC

From the Chorus to Legitimate Dramatic Star

By PAULINE FREDERICK

IT was a telephone that called me to the first real rôle I ever played. Of course there was a man at the other end of the wire, but just the same it's the telephone that I always think of as having given me my first real start. That little black box on the wall was the thing that lifted me out of the chorus. Oh yes, I was a chorus girl. And now when I look back I wonder what would have happened to me if the telephone hadn't spoken. Maybe I would have emerged from the chorus cocoon as a full-fledged butterfly of musical comedy. But it doesn't seem possible that without that call I would ever have had the chance to play anything that really counts.

PAULINE FREDERICK

You see, it happened so easily and naturally that at the time I scarcely realized what it meant. I had joined the Lew Fields company that was playing "It Happened in Nordland" in the autumn of 1904. I had just a few words to say, and they didn't amount to anything. No one had suggested my being an understudy for anyone, much less for Blanche Ring, who was starring in it, but I had paid close attention to her part just because it interested me, I guess. There's always the feeling, too, in the hearts of those who play the minor parts that they could do so much better than the star, and whether you study it or not, constant playing and rehearsals with the big people make you familiar with all their lines. Then one night the telephone rang. Yes, Miss Frederick was there. Well, Miss Ring was ill. Could Miss Frederick take her place? Could she? It was my first big chance—and I haven't gone back to the chorus since.

But that wasn't the actual beginning of my stage work. I'll tell you now, and have it over with, that I was born in Boston in 1884, August 12th, to be exact. I was just the average girl, having a good time, and even following the usual rule of girlhood in holding a hope that some day I might "go on the stage." I found it at the Boston Music Hall in the spring of 1902, when a singing act there needed a girl in a hurry. That was my launching. It led to a place in the chorus of the Rogers Brothers' company, and later to a similar job in "The Princess of Kensington," which was James T. Powers' play and which landed me at the Broadway Theatre in New York.

Soon after this I had landed myself with the Nordland company. Then came my 'phone call to success, and when the company went on tour I was out of the ranks and had a dressing room of my own.

They say the first step up the ladder is always the hardest and the longest to complete. But I've found that every step meant hard work, even when all your heart is in it. Maybe that is the reason though, for it's the same in any kind of work that you want to succeed in, from all I can see. If you want to lay bricks well, I should think it would be needful to buckle right down to it. But if you are interested, the hard work doesn't seem to make much difference. You see what I mean, don't you?

Channing Pollack offered me the title part in his "The Little Gray Lady." That gave me just the chance that I wanted, and right there I dropped into drama for good. The next season, that of 1906 and 1907, I played in "The Girl in White," which never did get into New York. I liked it just the same, all but the travelling for there had been plenty of that in my chorus days, weeks and weeks on end of one-night stands. That fall I was leading lady for Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold," which played at the Garrick Theatre in New York and in January of 1908 I was in "Twenty Days in the Shade." Later there came "Samson," with William Gillette, and "The Fourth Estate."

Then I was married. That sounds awfully final, for some reason, but it really isn't. It marked the interruption of my work, though, and gave me a chance to look back over what I had done. Did you ever try such retrospection, try to catalogue and arrange in neat little piles all the people who have been of actual help to you in gaining what you wanted, all the opportunities that meant going ahead? It's lots of fun and it's a great help in balancing your mental books to see just where you stand. I can honestly say that it was not only the big shining lights that aided me, but the smaller twinkles as well, people who didn't have very important parts, but who played what they did have with just as much earnestness as though the success of the whole production depended upon them.

There are one or two big debts that I owe. One is to Edward Elsner, who stages the productions for William A. Brady, and who has coached me many times. He has taught me how to put more actual humanity into my acting than I ever thought it was possible to handle and at the same time please an audience. That may sound unusual to the layman, but stop to consider it for a moment. Suppose you went to the theatre and saw the people on the stage going through scenes that are the counterpart of things that you can see in any household almost any day of the week. I don't think you would go more than once, for it isn't human nature to pay for things that are usual and familiar. Of course, there are situations in real life that have the greatest dramatic possibilities, but they are not crowded into a short space of time as a usual thing. That is what makes it so necessary to exaggerate every emotion, every phase of life in the world behind the curtain. But it can be leavened with a distinct touch of humanity, it *must* be to make acting convincing, and the proportion of that touch is the thing that is the hardest to attain. Mr. Elsner opened my eyes to the possibilities of making my characters real people and not feverish, unnatural beings.

He was not the only one, though. When I was working with William Gillette and with Francis Wilson, too, I gained more knowledge of this all-important factor, and now since my return to the stage there have been others, both great and small, who have been equally helpful. It seems to me that it is the same in any of the fine arts—and surely acting can be classed with those. In music, painting or sculpture, it is always possible to learn something new. The study never ends, and I have found that it is exactly the same with the stage, that is, in the purely dramatic rôles.

There were three years that I never saw a footlight except from in front, for my husband was averse to my working. During that time we travelled abroad a great deal, mostly in Switzerland and France. I have always liked the out-of-doors, and when we were in the Alps I did lots of walking. There was a reason, too, besides just liking it. Don't tell anyone, but I did it to keep thin. I, the girl whom a critic once said was nothing but a "stick to hang clothes on." I met him the other day, by the way, and reminded him of what he had said. He denied it, but I offered to get down my scrapbook and show him, so he begged pardon very prettily. I think that while we were in Paris I added a great store to my knowledge of acting. You see, I was still hoping to get back to the stage some day, and naturally I looked on everything in the theatre with an eye to gaining help from it. Oh, those French theatres! Oh, those audiences! Both of them so different from what I had learned to play in and play to in America. Can you imagine an American audience remaining attentive while an actor seated in a big chair with his back to the audience and practically concealed from them except for an occasional gesture, went through a long speech? And can you think of an American actor who would be willing to do such a thing? And yet I saw such situations over and over again, not only in Paris, but in other big cities, Berlin and London.

They surely have the secret of holding their hearers over there, but then too, there is something radically different in the psychology of a European audience. The best proof of that is the

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PAULINE FREDERICK

Recently seen as Zuleika in Louis N. Parker's play, "Joseph and His Brethren"

WILTON LACKAYE
Seen as John Brand in "Fine Feathers"

White

VALLI VALLI
Appearing in "The Purple Road" at the Liberty

Moffett

CHARLES CHERRY
Played Elliott Grey in "Rosedale"

fact that foreign companies that come to the United States rarely meet with success. It isn't because they speak a language that is incomprehensive to the majority of the theatregoers. Words aren't always necessary. It's the acting, the movement, and the spell of actuality that can be cast by the copying of human traits that everyone recognizes as natural. Think of "Sumurun" for instance; not a word spoken throughout, yet the house was packed every night.

The French have raised the art of listening and appreciating in the theatre to a high plane. It is the same although in a less degree wherever you go on the Continent or in England. But over here—well, the only reason for a difference that I can see is that the American audience comes with its mind made up to be amused, to get a laugh or a thrill out of everything. If the thrill is lacking, they insist on laughing. Foreigners seem to go to the theatre in anticipation of hearing well-written lines well spoken and they appreciate the beauties of the text.

Once in a while I have found American theatregoers in exactly the right mood to receive the lines as they were written. But often the crowd will show a weird sense of humor and will laugh at all the wrong places. And oh how hard it is then! For instance, the other night in "Joseph and His Brethren" we had an audience of just that sort. There is one line, of little importance and certainly not written to bring a laugh, where one of the slave girls says, "He touched my hand." Now what is there funny in that? Yet the audience giggled, then laughed outright. That gave me my cue as to what the viewpoint of our hearers was, and right away I had to revise my manner of playing to suit it.

That came just before the scene in Zuleika's chamber. It is then that she tempts Joseph to break his promise to faithfully guard all the household of Potiphar, and when he resists her lure and leaves her, she rages wildly. It is a strongly emotional scene, but that night I realized that the audience would not have appreciated the deeper things that are possible in the rôle. They would have laughed at the woman's frenzy. Therefore I toned it down, softened all the high lights of passion and anger. There were no laughs from out in front. On other occasions, when total sympathy exists between the stage and the house, I give all my power to the scene. The opportunity to feel that the character is thoroughly understood and appreciated is rare, but when it comes I am always grateful.

White

MIZZI HAJOS
Recently seen in "The Spring Maid"

I have usually been able to gauge the temper of an audience from the expression of just one person sitting well down in front and have made it a point to play to his or her liking. It's different at the Century Theatre, though, for that has such a big stage and the lights are so brilliant that we can't tell whether we are playing to an empty house or a full one until the first applause comes. It makes it a great deal harder but it's good experience.

Last summer I had an offer to join Mme. Simone in "The Paper Chase," and that marked my coming back to the stage, for my husband gave his consent. How odd it was, too, to get back to the old atmosphere. I might almost have been a novice at the business, so strange and out of place I felt for a little while. But Mme. Simone is a wonderful woman to work with and I enjoyed every minute of the time we were together. Then Louis Parker wrote to tell me he wanted me to play Zuleika in "Joseph and His Brethren." The part appealed to me and I accepted.

To my mind, it is absolutely the greatest rôle I have ever played, and so interesting too. It all had to be built up, for unlike the other leading characters in the play, Zuleika doesn't get much mention in the Bible except as Mrs. Potiphar and is rapidly passed over then. But I love to play her. She's not a particularly nice lady herself, but what a chance she provides for forceful acting. It isn't easy by any means. Every time I finish my longest emotional speech, I am completely worn out. I just have to throw myself into the part, really be Zuleika in thought as well as action. Maybe you can imagine what a real strain it is.

The preparation for the part even before we went to rehearsal was fascinating too. It led me *(Continued on page vii)*

May Irwin on Popularity

NEVER mind when—but I believe I will out and over with it: seventeen years ago, a newspaper woman perpetrated her first interview. The victim was a newly-risen star, the place the Baldwin Theatre. The actress was to shine for San Francisco the next night. Meanwhile, from a box, she with keen enjoyment "watched someone else work."

A plain, frightened young person sent in her card between acts, was admitted to the theatre, and the actress left her box party and sitting cosily down on a step leading from it, carried on a monologue. The monologue was necessary, for the newspaper woman, awed and tongue-tied, gazed at her in absolute silence.

She had never before met an actress and this radiant blonde in pale-blue silk, diamonds shining from her fair hair and her round white neck, cast her into an abyss of muteness. The actress chatted of her journey across the sun-baked Southlands. "While we were crossing Texas a cowboy came into the car and we waltzed down the aisle while someone whistled," she said with a side glance of merry eyes.

May Irwin and I have recalled that meeting often in the intervening years.

"You adapted your conversation to my capacity," I remarked. She chuckles with a reminiscent little wag of her head.

"I found my voice when I was leaving and asked you how you liked being a leading woman for the first time. I didn't know the difference between a leading lady and a star," says I, and Miss Irwin confines herself to the noncommittal chuckle.

Since that time I've seen her on many stages in many plays in many cities, most often in New York. I've seen her in her own town house in Sixty-eighth Street, New York, have seen her in a simple apartment uptown, which she had taken because a tenant persisted in remaining in the town house and she would not forego the joys of housekeeping even though in a plain "furnished flat." I've seen her in her castle-like home on her own sixteen-acre island in the St. Lawrence River, seen her enlivening a luncheon by her wit, seen her convert a Supreme Court justice to equal suffrage, seen her talk with mist-enveiling eyes, that are at one time round and childlike, at others shrewd, the eyes of a world-taught woman. I've seen her widowed and seen her happily remarried. And in all these phases the same underlying attitude toward life persists.

Harris and Ewing

MAY IRWIN

Twice last season I saw her rolling out and patting and tossing her audience in "A Widow by Proxy" as she does her patties for luncheon in her Irwin Castle. Her way has always been successward. At the pinnacle of her success, she gratefully recognizes the fact of that success.

"I never saw you so happy," I said, in her dressing-room, after she had shown me a photograph of a fat baby laughing uproariously in its bath—a pictured baby that she had acquired by purchase and annexation. "I went to the baby's parents and told them I just must have that picture," she said, "and I got it." And with a smile of content she placed the joy-centre back on her dressing-table.

"I am happy," she said. "Think of my coming back here and being almost taken in their arms and kissed by the critics. God bless 'em! God bless everybody." The eyes that had been round narrowed to a businesslike shrewdness. "And I've been coming back here for seventeen years. You know that. There are other and younger ones coming up."

"How do you account for your popularity? Analyze it, please," I begged.

"Gracious! Can I, I wonder? Well, for one thing, I think it's because I'm honest with my audiences. I never fool them. When my play goes on the road I go with it. The public has learned that I will be there with every ounce of entertainment I can give it.

"I respect my public. You've never seen me, nor heard me, criticise its taste, have you? No one else has. It knows what it wants. It's wise and knows what I can give it better than I know myself. I've had my yearnings for the serious. Indeed, I have. But the public has treated me as Augustin Daly did when I went to him with youthful assurance and told him I was grieved, yes deeply, because I had not been cast for a romantic part in an old drama. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, though trying to look stern, and said: 'You were born for comedy, and modern comedy. I won't interfere with your birthright.' The public knows what it wants and it's generally right.

"The praise I've been getting this season—and that makes me as happy as that uproarious youngster there in the bathtub—I've earned by always giving the best I had. I save all my energy for my audiences. I never go about while I'm playing. Invitations are declined before half read. I never see my friends while I'm playing. I never walk while I'm playing, lest it tire me. I drive once a day for the air. I always decline to play at benefits, except the benefit for the Actors' Fund. I never see a living soul—and I wouldn't be at home to a dead one—between four and five o'clock every day. That's my hour of preparation by resting. It's a part of the night's performance. I owe it to my public.

"Maybe we can come close to guessing the riddle when I remind you that you've never seen me play in anything risky. Neither has anyone else. The large majority of American audiences are clean of life and thought and they want to see clean entertainment. Something audacious may catch the fancy for a short time, but it's like spice. They come back to the bread and meat. I think we've found the answer, it's wholesomeness."

"And what of the reason for the failure of others?"

I mentioned a star that had risen and set during May Irwin's seventeen years of shining.

"That is plain enough," she answered. "She allowed herself to become a bundle of affections and insincerity." A. P.

The Maude Adams of the "Movies"

PROBABLY no other actress in the history of the stage, past or present, has had such a following as "Little Mary" Pickford, who used to be the "Queen of the Movies" and known to millions of "movie" fans all over the land as the Maude Adams of the film plays! Certainly no living actress, not excepting even the divine Sarah, has appeared before so many people and in so many rôles, and she a girl of nineteen!

Mary Pickford has a past that reads as much like a fairy tale as the play in which she has been delighting enthusiastic audiences in the Republic Theatre this season, "A Good Little Devil." Like the title character in the play she, too, figuratively speaking, came from an attic. Only the rats she knew were not friendly singing mice like those in the play. They were the grim realities that gnaw away many a grown-up heart—those life rats of poverty and cold.

Born in Toronto, April 8, 1894, her father died when she was four, and, being the eldest of three children, Mary became the father of the family, a life rôle she has played ever since. With room rent and hunger staring the little family—there was mother and Lottie and Jack, besides Mary—in the face, it was up to Mary to keep the wolf from the door. Her mother took her down to a theatre in Toronto, and the manager looked at Mary, and stroking her beautiful golden locks said, "I think she can play the part."

"I *know* I can!" spoke up Mary, and all that night she sat up, without even eating any dinner and memorized her rôle. The part was a little toddler in "Bootles' Baby." This was followed by other child parts. Once she played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and later Willie in "East Lynne."

Photo Marceau

LITTLE MARY PICKFORD AS BETTY IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"

"There isn't one of the good old melodramas that I didn't work in, from 'The Fatal Wedding' on up," Miss Pickford said, when telling about those "early" days. "All four of us—mother, Lottie, Jack and I—had parts in 'The Fatal Wedding.' Mine was the most important. I played the little mother, and however much the others in the company took the audiences out in front as a joke, I never felt for one moment that the play wasn't thrilling and a most tremendously important drama. In those days I took the drama very seriously. I brought a great deal of study and work to every part assigned me, and I felt always that I was the star of the show, no matter how small my part was. This life kept up year after year, with much of the time spent on the road. I'm a graduate of the Tank Town School of Experience, even though I am young. In nineteen weeks at a stretch I've known what it was to play a new town every night. I'll never forget 'The Soudan,' a melodrama that was a big success in those days. I was Dick, the Waif. It was a great part, and the day the piece was put on I broke out with the chicken-pox and the measles. I had worked for weeks, only to have my cherished dream snatched away. I refused to give up playing the part, although the doctor said I'd have to. But I wasn't going to let a little combination like chicken-pox and measles interrupt my stage career. I knew Dick, the Waif, was a great part and I was determined to play it if I died. They couldn't stop me. My mother tried to and sent for the doctor again. When he saw me lying on the dressing room floor, kicking and screaming at the thought of my part being taken from me, he advised them by all means to let me go on, and I did."

"Little Mary" played in stock companies and on the road in plays like this until she was twelve. Then she made up her mind to be "a real actress with a real manager." She was back in New York at the time, for it was a dull season, and she was trying to get something for the summer.

"I decided to write to all the stars whose names I had heard. This done, I concluded that the next best thing would be to follow up my letters with calls on them. Miss Blanche Bates was in Brooklyn at the time, playing in 'The Girl of the Golden West.' I went to the theatre, and Miss Bates' colored maid, Hettie, told me that I couldn't see Miss Bates then, because she was on the stage in her big scene, but she told me to wait. After awhile I heard the actress, who had returned to her dressing room, say:

"'But, Hettie, I can't see the child.' Then the good-hearted colored maid remonstrated. She told the actress I wanted her to help me see Mr. Belasco. 'But I can't send her to bother Mr. Belasco,' Miss Bates said. Then I heard Hettie pleading for me,

Mary Pickford in the film play, "The Mender of Nets"

and I feel it is to this colored maid that I owe much for what little success has come to me since then.

"'Mis' Bates', she said, 'ah ain't neffer axed you'ah er favor, but ah does plead with you'ah ter see dis heah lil' blond girl! She wants ter go on de stage, an' all she axes is fer you'ah to he'p her sees Mistah Belasco.'

"'That's true, Hettie,' said Miss Bates, 'this is the first favor you have ever asked me. Well, you tell her to go to the theatre in the morning and to ask for Mr. Dean and tell him that I sent her to see if he had anything she could do.'

"Early the next morning," continued Miss Pickford, "I was at the theatre. An important boy met me at the door, and instead of asking for Mr. Dean I blurted out that I wanted to see Mr. Belasco. Mr. Dean, hearing me argue with the boy that I must see Mr. Belasco, came to see who it was, and he asked me to come in. He heard what I wanted to do and promised that I should see Mr. Belasco. He told me to come back that night after the performance. I went, and, of course, they had forgotten about it, for I couldn't find them. Then I went back the next morning and he apologized for forgetting and told me to come back on Thursday. They thought I was just a little stage-struck girl. But I think my faith in them must have had its effect. For finally, after many trips, morning, noon and night—I never grew discouraged and never for one moment doubted that they would keep the next appointment with me—I saw Mr. Belasco.

"It was after the performance one night. I stood in the lobby and he came toward me. I saw him then as only two eyes—two enormous eyes. The rest of the world was only a blur. I saw only those two deep pools of light looking down at me, and I don't know what I said to him.

"Anyway, he told me to go off and learn a little verse and come back on a certain night and recite it to him. Then came my trouble. Of all the verses in the world there was not one for me. Finally I decided to read some lines of Patsy Poor in 'Human Life.' But after I was ready to read them the difficulty was the same as before. Mr. Belasco was the busiest man in the world. So was Mr. Dean. I was always told that to-morrow, maybe, Mr. Belasco would have time to listen to me.

"At last my persistence won out again. It was after a performance of 'The Rose of the Rancho.' Mr. Belasco, after everybody had gone, told Mr. Dean to turn on the lights and have me take the stage. There the two of them sat, in that great empty house, with every pitiless light burning down on me, and I on the stage trying to say my speech.

"As soon as I got up before them I felt how false those lines were—how theatrical. I had to plead with a chair not to have me arrested, explaining that I had stolen the bread to feed my mother, who was starving. These were some of Patsy Poor's lines in my star melodrama.

"I must have put some feeling into them, for my mother was outside waiting for me, and everything depended on my getting an engagement with Mr. Belasco. None of us had been working for two months, and money was even lower than usual.

"Well, after I had said my speech, Mr. Belasco came up and put his hand on my head. 'So you want to be an actress?' he said. 'I'm already an actress,' I told him, 'but I want to be a good actress!'

"I got my engagement, and was given the part of Betty in 'The Warrens of Virginia.' The curious part of this was that I had been saying all the year before that I was going to give up melodrama to work for Mr. Belasco. I hadn't an idea at that time that my childish dream would come true."

Asked if all had been easy since then, the little star replied:

"Indeed, no. I was only a little girl in 'The Warrens of Virginia,' and when that piece closed Mr. Belasco had nothing else to give me. It was hard, then, but I had saved a little money. Still, there was mother and Lottie and Jack and I to live on it. When we got our spring clothes we had very little left.

White
Mary Pickford as Juliet in "A Good Little Devil"

"Little Mary" Pickford in a scene from "A Lodging for a Night," a Mexican film play

"I shall never forget the little blue serge suit and the hat I got out of the money I saved. And the first extravagance of my life came along with it. This was a pair of silk stockings! I went to an Easter sermon, but the silk stockings kept my mind off what the preacher was saying."

It was then that Mary Pickford turned to the movies after being turned down everywhere else. She heard of the Biograph, down in Fourteenth Street, and she went there and saw Mr. Griffith. "You know," Miss Pickford told me, "Mr. Griffith is the Belasco of the moving picture world!"

Miss Pickford worked before the camera that day and at night received five dollars, but she made up her mind not to go back again, much as she needed the money. But on her way home she got her dress, hat and shoes soaked in the pouring rain.

"With all my good clothes ruined, you see I couldn't give up a five-dollar-a-day job, so I did go back. Mr. Griffith called me into his office and told me that he would not insult a little Belasco actress by offering her such a sum as five dollars! I felt a cold chill go up my back. I thought I had lost my job. Then he said that the films from the day before had turned out so well he would give me ten dollars a day. Sixty dollars a week!

"That's when mother and Lottie and Jack and I began to live," cried Mary Pickford. "That's the first time in my life that I felt I could afford a washerwoman!"

Good salaries for acting before the camera began with Mary Pickford. No less than $300 a week has always been at her command in the movies, and this amount advanced to $500 when she announced her intention of getting out of focus in order to play the little blind girl, Juliet, in "A Good Little Devil" under David Belasco's management.

While the leading lady with the American Biograph Company in most of its ambitious productions, Miss Pickford was the heroine of a thousand dramatic episodes. In certain of the most popular of these screen plays this young woman, in all her beauty and charm and exceptional art of pantomime, has been observed simultaneously by more than a million people in theatres scattered from coast to coast. What an audience—all bewitched with her beautiful face and winning personality!

"I never played an adult part until I went with Mr. Griffith," she told me. "You may laugh, but I actually didn't know how to make stage love. Mr. Griffith taught me the art in 'The Violin Maker of Cremona,' in which I had the first serious emotional rôle of my career."

Not only did Mary Pickford act before the camera while she was the "$10,000 Movie Actress," she got to writing scenarios—film plays—herself. Altogether, she wrote twenty-nine, all but four of which have been produced. These she wrote between the acts, as it were—that is, while travelling to the Coast or to some faraway island where a new film drama was to be staged.

Kaniwara MARJORIE HELEN WOLFF

In "Cupid's Darts," a dance arranged by Jacob Mahler and dedicated to Mikail Mordkin

Well, the originator of "Goldy Locks" was too busy for anything else except to beautify the screen when David Belasco was preparing to produce "A Good Little Devil," and was searching for an actress to play the little blind girl. He was on the road at the time, launching another play, and stepped into a moving picture place to rest his nerves. "Little Mary" was the photo star in a thrilling Civil War drama, in which she enacted a girl of the Confederacy. After the great manager had watched her exquisite though wordless acting for a few moments, he easily understood the enthusiasm of the audience.

That little blue-eyed, golden-haired girl with the face of a child—that girl who could laugh and cry with such convincing realism, who could be coquettish, or grave or gay with equal facility—that girl, Mary Pickford, and none other, could play Juliet, according to Belasco. He must have "Little Mary," although at the time he did not know her name—any more than that—nor who she was. He never gave the little girl who had played Betty in "The Warrens of Virginia" a thought.

Meanwhile, she had to be consulted in the matter. Where was she? Certainly not in this small town where the tantalizing shadow of the real girl played hide and seek on the flashing picture screen.

Belasco was worried. Even if he found the substance of the shadow, would she be willing to abdicate the throne of the film play queen in order to accept a small speaking rôle? Would the "Maude Adams of the Movies" give up a life of comparative ease for the arduous work of a legitimate actress? For, as a moving picture star. Mary Pickford had always had $300 a week at her command for fifty-two weeks of the year. Nor did this mean working every day, nor even every week, though her salary went on just the same.

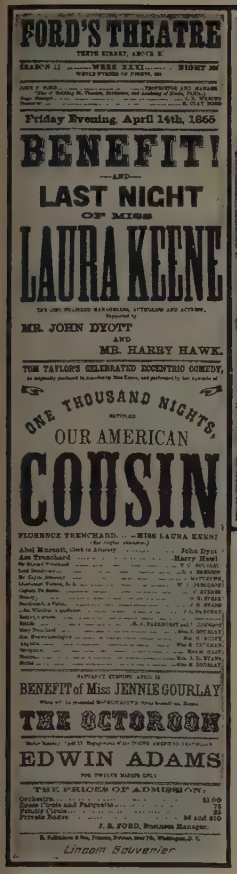
Not to be discouraged even by this seemingly impossible, Belasco kept up the search and later found "Little Mary" in New York. She was not averse to relinquishing the honors of queenhood of the movies and the independence of stardom in the silent drama when an opportunity offered of coming under Belasco's training as a really, truly, speaking actress on a real stage, with an audience out in front whose applause she could hear and whose hearts she could touch surely a little better, at least, when moving before them in reality.

"This is such a queer kind of a play," Mary said one night in her dressing room in the Republic. "I like my rôle, but I hope some day I shall do character work."

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

Copyright Mishkin GIULIO SETTI

Chorus master of the Metropolitan Opera Company


FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE F

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

—AND—

LAST NIGHT

OF MISS

LAURA KEENE

MR. JOHN DYOTT

AND

MR. HARRY HAWK.

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD. — MISS LAURA KEENE

BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

THE OCTOROON

EDWIN ADAMS

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION:

J. S. FORD, Business Manager.

Lincoln Souvenir

Playbill of Ford's Theatre on the fatal night

Copyt. J. E. Buckingham, Jr.

Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., as it appears to-day

Copyt. J. E. Buckingham, Jr.

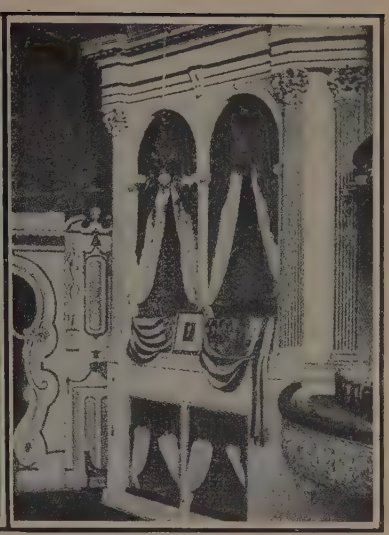
JOHN WILKES BOOTH

Who assassinated President Lincoln

Copyt. J. E. Buckingham, Jr.

PETERSON HOUSE

In which President Lincoln died



Copyt. J. E. Buckingham, Jr.

Private box in which President Lincoln was assassinated

The Night That Lincoln Was Shot

FORTY-EIGHT years—almost half a century—have passed away since that tragic night when, during a performance of "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., President Lincoln met his death at the hands of John Wilkes Booth, the actor, and the little group of players who appeared in the cast on that ever-memorable night is rapidly dwindling. To-day the survivors are believed to be only three in number. They are William J. Ferguson, the well-known character actor, who acted the part of Lieut. Vernon, R. N.; Miss Jennie Gourlay, who appeared as Mary Trenchard, who is now married and living in Pennsylvania, and Edwin A. Emerson, who played Lord Dundreary. Mr. Emerson, now in his sixty-eighth year, has an art glass business within a few blocks of the theatre where the tragedy took place. Although nearly half a century has passed, the events of that dreadful night of the assassination are as vivid in his memory as though it had been but last week.

"It was near the beginning of the third act," he said recently to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "I was standing in the wings, just behind a piece of scenery, waiting for my cue to go on, when I heard a shot. I was not surprised, nor was anyone else behind the scenes. Such sounds are too common back there during the shifting of the various sets to surprise an actor. For a good many seconds after that sound nothing happened behind the footlights. Then, as I stood there in the dimness, a man rushed by me, making for the stage door. I did not recognize Booth at the time, nor did anyone else, I think, unless perhaps someone out on the stage, when he stood a moment and shouted with theatrical gesture, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis!' (So perish all tyrants!). Even after he flashed by, there was quiet for a few moments among the actors and stage hands. No one knew what had happened.

"Then the fearful cry, springing from nowhere it seemed, ran like wildfire behind the scenes:

" 'The President's shot!'

"Everyone began to swirl hither and thither in hysterical aimlessness. Still the curtain had not been rung down—for no one seemed to have retained a scintilla of self-possession—and the actors on the stage were left standing there as though paralyzed. Then someone dropped the curtain and pandemonium commenced. The police came rushing in to add to the chaos, and for what seemed an hour, the confusion was indescribable. One incident stands out plainly in my memory from all the confusion of men and sound that turned the stage into chaos. As I was running aimlessly to and fro behind the scenes—as everyone else was—a young lady, coming out from a dressing room, asked the cause of all the uproar.

"President Lincoln has just been shot!" I replied.

"Oh!" she exclaimed and, closing her eyes, was sinking limp to the floor in a faint when I caught her and carried her into her dressing room. She was Miss Jennie Gourlay, one of the then well-known family of actors, and that night playing the part of Mary Trenchard. This little episode exhausts my recollection of anything coherent during the time immediately after the shooting.

E. A. EMERSON

Who played Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," on the night of Lincoln's assassination

"Those who first attempted to aid Mr. Lincoln tore his clothes from him in the most frantic manner in their efforts to locate the wound. I was told by several of the men connected with the theatre, among them young Mr. Ford, who had charge of the ticket office, that, when he was brought out, he had been practically denuded of all his outer garments. Later on, when the place was cleared, I went into the box where the assassination had occurred. Just by the side of Lincoln's chair was a program half crumpled. On it was a dark wet spot, which I do not say positively was the life-blood of the President, but in my own mind I am convinced it was."

This program, which no doubt was that held in the hand of Mr. Lincoln at the time the fatal shot was fired, is carefully preserved by Mr. Emerson. The spot referred to, though faded to a dim brown, is still plainly visible.

W. J. FERGUSON

Well-known character actor and one of the three survivors of the fatal performance now living. On the night of the tragedy Mr. Ferguson played the rôle of Lieut. Vernon

"I knew Wilkes Booth very intimately," continued Mr. Emerson, "and acted with him a great many times. We were much the same size, dressed alike, and were of the same general physical characteristics—whereby hangs a tale as I'll tell you later. I first played with him some time before the outbreak of the war, at the Sycamore Street Theatre, in Cincinnati. He played the part of Evelyn, in Bulwer's comedy, 'Money.' In the fourth and fifth acts he was the best Richard III that I ever saw. In the earlier acts, he was not sufficiently self-contained. He was also the gentlest man I ever knew. He was not feminine, yet gentle as a woman. In rehearsal he was always considerate of the other actors, and if he had a suggestion to make, made it with the utmost courtesy, prefacing it with; 'Now, Mr. ———, don't you think that perhaps this might be a better way to interpret that?' In this he differed

from his older brother, Edwin, who was always harsh and commanding, showing little feeling for the young actor.

"Wilkes Booth's first appearance on the stage was at the old Richmond Theatre in that city. He played under the name of 'John Wilkes,' because, he told me, his father had told him that he would never make an actor and, if he turned out a failure, he did not want the family name to be entangled in it. Only after he made a success did he use his own name. The last time I played with him was at the old Nashville Theatre. The play was 'The Corsican Brothers,' and we played the title rôle. I also saw him in Nashville in 1864, after the fall of Nashville. I was with a dramatic company, playing there, and Wilkes Booth, who was not engaged with any troupe at the time, was there. I next saw him in Washington the following April, after Lee's surrender—the week of the tragedy. He made his headquarters, in a way, about Ford's Theatre. I do not think that, even at that time, he had any plan of assassination in his mind. Indeed, all his friends wondered, after the act, that one of his gentle nature could conceive such a bloody deed. Yet an incident I myself witnessed may possibly have first excited his disordered brain to committing the dreadful crime. At the time I thought nothing of this occurrence. It was only in after years that the full significance of it dawned upon me.

"About eleven o'clock on Friday morning—the fatal day—I was standing with Booth in the lobby of the theatre, near the box-office window—the ticket office as we then called it. A courier from the White House came in and stated to Mr. Ford, who happened to be in the box office, that the President desired to know if he and a party could get seats for that night's performance. This was the first intimation anyone had that he would attend that night.

"'Certainly,' replied Mr. Ford; 'The President and anyone he cares to bring are always welcome at my house at any time,' and, taking out some box seats, he gave them to the courier, at the same time crossing them off the cardboard plan of the house that lay in the window before him. That was before the days of coupon tickets, you know, and the seller crossed off the seats as they were sold. At the same time, he wrote across the margin of the plan in large letters, for the benefit of the public, the following: *'The President and party will attend to-night's performance.'*

"Wilkes Booth, seeing him write, took the plan, swung it around and read the notice. Then, without another word, he walked out of the theatre. I have since become convinced that then, for the first time, the idea of assassinating the President occurred to him. An abduction would have been useless, since there was no longer any question of an exchange of prisoners. But his thoughts evidently had been so long directed against Lincoln that it had become a morbid obsession in his mind and, with his romantic temperament, he did not stop to think of the heinousness of the deed he contemplated. I do not say this in palliation of the crime, but merely in explanation. No doubt it occurred to him that, from his position as an actor, he could have the run of the theatre, both before and behind the curtain, without exciting comment, and thus his way to the shooting was rendered easy.

Mishkin PAMELA GAYTHORNE

Recently played the principal feminine rôle in "Our Wives"

"I was not directly entangled in the subsequent proceedings, but I came very near being. There were some negroes living in the alley just back of the theatre next to the stable where Booth kept his horse. On the morning after the assassination they reported to Chief Baker of the Secret Service that, about ten o'clock on Friday morning, just preceding the fatal night, they had seen Booth talking to a lady in the alley near the rear door of the theatre, explaining his plans to her and pointing up to the various places in the building. They described her as dressed in a blue silk skirt, with a dark-gray jacket and wearing a hat with a white plume in it. On inquiry at the theatre, Chief Baker found that this description fitted the street dress of Miss May Hart, who had, on the night of the assassination, played the rôle of Georgina. She had left for Baltimore just after the tragedy, he learned, and was staying at Barnum's hotel there. That evening he went over to Baltimore with a force of his officers and, going to Miss Hart's room in the hotel, knocked loudly. The young lady had retired and called to them to wait until she had put on a wrapper before opening the door. So intense was the feeling at that time, however, that they burst open the door and compelled her to dress before their eyes, not trusting her to a moment's privacy. Nor did they tell her why they had thus summarily arrested her until she was safely lodged in the Old Capitol prison in Washington.

"The following morning a strange man came to see me. Roughly, he demanded:

"'Are you Edwin A. Emerson?'

"'I am,' I replied.

"'Where were you,' was the curt query, 'at ten o'clock last Friday morning?'

"'None of your business,' I replied with equal curtness. In those parlous times men were not answering a stranger's impertinent question offhand.

"'It is some of my business,' exclaimed the stranger, and throwing back his lapel, disclosed his badge of office. 'And a human life may depend upon your answer.'

"'Why, certainly I will tell you,' I replied. 'At that time I was standing in the alley near the rear door of the theatre with Miss May Hart, who was to play the part of Georgina that night. I was to play Dundreary, and, as we had never played together, we wished to rehearse some of the dialogue between us. The stage was cold and bleak that morning, so we came out into the warm sunshine of the alley and went over our lines together there. Now, why?'

(*Continued on page ix*)

White

MARGUERITE CLARK AND ELIZABETH NELSON IN ACT I OF "ARE YOU A CROOK?"

Mrs. Fiske—Our Intellectual Actress

Morrison MRS. FISKE

"MRS. Fiske" is a name which awakens mixed feelings and emotions. It all depends upon the person. To some she is a hard, cold and singularly unsympathetic actress—nothing more; but to others, and their number is legion, she is known and admired as a player of consummate poise and dramaturgic skill.

But on one point there can be no doubt—that of the intellectuality of the woman. Perhaps no other word in the English language describes her better than the adjective "brainy." Many are the actresses who have attained stardom by the allurements of physical beauty or charm of manner; many are they who have done so through the magic of their voice or their ability to make a frenzied emotional appeal. But Mrs. Fiske possesses none of these qualities to any degree. She is not especially beautiful of face, dainty in manner or graceful in movement. Her voice is peculiarly unpleasant—her utterance sharp and jerky—at times almost indistinct. She never makes the theatre walls resound with the clarion call of her acting. The primary appeal of Mrs. Fiske is to the intellect, and it is this quality which makes her acting so fascinating and stimulating to some, so unattractive to others. In her case there is no middle ground for opinion. You either like her immensely or you will have none of her.

That she is an actress of substantial worth, not merely a player of freakish personality and eccentric capabilities, her long record of solid achievement is incontrovertible testimony. How else shall we account for the esteem in which she is held by so many seasoned theatregoers? Not only does she retain the undying loyalty of these men and women, but she is constantly making new friends in the rising generation. Freakishness never evokes genuine regard. That is the trait of the sensational performer who rises meteor-like to fame and notoriety only to fall into oblivion again as suddenly as she rose. It is because she is a real actress where others are mere personalities that she continues to be a leader of our stage. Her theatrical career covers something more than forty years, yet Mrs. Fiske is acting to-day with the same verve, vitality and authority, the same keen perception and appreciation of dramatic values that have always distinguished her as an actress. She has reared her structure upon firm ground. She relies upon a sound dramatic method which will outlive mere physical charm. With this as a foundation she has adapted herself to the ever-shifting conditions in the theatre. Many of our stars appear year in and year out in the same kind of vehicles. The name of play and character may change, but the substance of it all remains the same. Other actors and actresses have gone out of fashion with their plays. Not so with Mrs. Fiske. She is ever eager and ambitious to attack the new. An actress of decided limitations, her dramaturgic method and training have stood her in good stead. As a rule they have proved elastic enough to meet every exigency. But when she enters the realm of poetry and romance these limitations are at once evident. In "Mary of Magdala" and "Hannele" she has approached nearest to failure. To these kinds of plays her personality and method are quite unsuited. But it is one of the really splendid things about this woman that her intelligence ever guards her from complete failure. It speaks volumes for her art that Mrs. Fiske is still a stranger to unmitigated disaster. It is as an actress of sharp and pungent satire or searching, trenchant psychological drama that she appears to best advantage. In such plays as these she has few equals, no living superior.

The life history of Mrs. Fiske is quickly told. Born in New Orleans, December 19, 1865, she made her first appearance upon the stage at the early age of three as the Duke of York in "Richard III." At fifteen she was a star, and she made her bow to a New York audience at Wallack's in 1870 as Little Fritz in "Fritz, Our German Cousin." 1884 was the year in which she made her first great success, "Caprice" was the play and the New Park the scene of her triumph. Upon her marriage to Harrison Grey Fiske in 1890 she went into retirement for a time. In 1894 she made her reappearance as Hester Crewe. The Minnie Maddern of the old days had become Mrs. Fiske. Then followed a succession of triumphs in "A Doll's House," "Frou-Frou," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Divorçons," "Magda," and "Becky Sharp." She became the lessee of the old Standard Theatre in 1901. Renamed the Manhattan, this theatre for five years was the home of the very best in American dramatic art. It was here that Mrs. Fiske made her productions of "Mary of Magdala," "Hedda Gabler," and "Leah Kleschna." Since the end of her tenancy of the Manhattan in 1906 she has produced "The New York Idea," "Rosmersholm," "Salvation Nell," "Pillars of Society," "Hannele," "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," "Lady Patricia," and "The High Road." Not only has Mrs. Fiske acted in all these plays, but she has in a large measure superintended their production and looked to the ordering of their details, a task involving not merely an immense amount of time, energy and physical labor, but the exercise of creative and executive ability of a high order.

Better than any lengthy criticism of her acting does this list of plays bespeak the remarkable versatility of Mrs. Fiske. Ibsen, Sardou, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Hardy, Heyse, and Thackeray—they are all represented in her notable gallery of theatrical portraits. Nor must we forget Langdon Mitchell, Edward Sheldon, and Harry James Smith, three most promising American dramatists whom she was the first to introduce to our public. Modern prose tragedy, emotional drama, satirical comedy, realism and poetry, psychology and farce—that is the range of this eminent artist. Actress, producer, stage manager, she is even the author of several one-act plays. When we consider the compass of her abilities and the superlative excellence with which she accomplishes all that she undertakes we can hardly arrive at any other conclusion than that she is truly an astounding little woman.

As to her acting. Hers is not a smooth and plastic art, it is subtle, incisive, luminous, vivid—almost fragile in its texture. But notwithstanding this, Mrs. Fiske with her crisp, staccato utterance, fraught with meaning, is able to convey far more than dozens of players who delight in tearing a passion to tatters. She never mistakes mere vehemence for dramatic power. Mrs. Fiske's art suggests far more than it actually expresses. If we must choose between the ordinary emotional actress who displays the superficial emotions of a character and Mrs. Fiske's quiet intensity, teeming with the suggestion of dramatic power, let us

White

Vivian Tobin Marguerite Leslie Orrin Johnson

SCENE IN "THE MONEY MOON," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE POWERS THEATRE, CHICAGO

have Mrs. Fiske by all means. At least, she is individual, sincere and striking.

Her comedy is marked by sureness and lightness of touch, but it could scarcely be called rich or warm or glowing. Rather, it possesses all the hardness and brilliancy of a diamond or the gleam and glitter of an icicle. Her art shows to advantage in such rôles as Becky Sharp and Cynthia Karslake. Her method is admirably suited to the bite and sting of the artful, clever but heartless little Becky. With what delicious sense of proportion, perfection of detail, verve and spirit she sets Thackeray's master character upon the stage. Her dash and sparkle in the ballroom scene, her mastery of the situation in the meeting with Steyne, her nerve and courage in Rawdon's discovery of the clandestine supper, her anguish and despair when she realizes that she has staked everything and lost, her assumption of superficial gayety to hide her loneliness and her submission to the inevitable in the closing scene of the play—these are a few of the touches that make it a memorable impersonation. And who can forget how delightfully Mrs. Fiske played Cynthia Karslake in Langdon Mitchell's play "The New York Idea"? How accurate her conception of the character, how adroit her portrayal of the woman's impulsive, volatile nature, her restlessness, her indecision! With what brilliancy of tone and nicety of speech she emphasized the subtle caustic wit, the stinging, ironic repartee, the cut and thrust of the dialogue of the earlier scenes, and then, too, with what rare art she brought out the essential sweetness and innate goodness of the woman in the final act of the comedy.

White

RUTH CHATTERTON

Appearing as Henry Miller's leading woman in "The Rainbow"

One of the very finest tragic performances she has ever given is that of Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm." Quiet, intense, vivid, it will remain in the mind of the writer as one of the best things she has ever done. Here was a case where the vital, vibrant quality of her acting was brought to its fullest play. For the larger part of Act I Rebecca has little to do, much less to say. Yet, throughout the scene Mrs. Fiske was the centre of attention. With no outward manifestation of change, her very silence was ominous and portentous of the tragedy to come, and the eye of the spectator would constantly revert to Rebecca however much it might be distracted by the conversation going on about her. The climax of the play disclosed the art of Mrs. Fiske at its highest pitch. As in the preceding scene, the actress was almost continually in the background. During the cross questioning by Rosmer and Rector Kroll, not the shadow of an expression passed over her countenance. Her face was a complete enigma. Nothing but a curious, nervous tension betrayed the gigantic struggle taking place within the woman's soul. Unable to bear the strain longer, Rebecca delivers her confession. As acted by Mrs. Fiske the scene acquired an added significance. Out of the deceptive calm burst the storm. The woman seemed powerless to resist the rush of words which rose to her lips. Propelled and projected by the dynamic force of her acting, they came forth with all the suppressed force and pent-up energy of a volcano. She had epitomized the import of the whole action in one tremendous moment. The effect upon her audience was electrical.

This very season Mrs. Fiske is doing some of the best work of her whole career in Edward Sheldon's new play "The High Road." The author himself has described his drama as the pilgrimage of a woman through life. The first act introduces Mary Page, a young girl of sixteen, living on a farm in New York State. In Act II, some three years later, we meet Mary in New York living in an unconventional manner with a young artist. Eighteen years elapse between Acts II and III. The third act reveals the girl, now a woman of national reputation, in the Capitol at Albany after she has succeeded in forcing the passage of an eight-hour law for women. Acts IV and V occur two years later. Again New York is the scene. Mary Page has married the governor of the State, who is the presidential candidate of a great political party. How her early indiscretion nearly wrecks her husband's campaign for the presidency and how she outwits a shrewd but unscrupulous politician is the substance of these closing acts. Even the casual observer can readily see the pitfalls in such an acting part. Only an exceptional actress could play it and make it convincing. It is not every artist who could bring out the essential girlishness of the character in Act I, and in Acts III, IV and V play with poise and authority the woman of the world. Perhaps Mrs. Fiske does not look like a young girl in the first act. What of that? She acts like one, and not for a second is she out of focus. It is not so much the physical appearance or growth that counts; it is the mental growth, the inner woman with whom we are concerned. That Mrs. Fiske did reveal this inward growth is ample proof of her exceptional abilities.

To compare Mrs. Fiske with others is useless. From all others she stands apart; she is absolutely unique. A great actress in the sense that Bernhardt, Duse or Réjane are great, she is not. Mrs. Fiske's most formidable claim to distinction lies in her ability to go to the heart of the matter and give you the essence of things. Her acting is the very negation of dramatic art in that she makes her effects in the very opposite manner which the majority of actresses employ. Where the average actress will give you an emotion, Mrs. Fiske drives home an idea. It is ever her aim to acquaint the spectator with the mental processes of the character she is playing; it is the why and wherefore of things that she wishes to disclose, and these are attributes of the brain, not the heart. She cares little for the physical change in a character if she can make plain the mental growth. Mrs. Fiske is given to few gestures, fewer outbursts of impassioned speech, and the immobility of her countenance is a thing to marvel at. But the vital connection between player and audience is maintained by the magnetism of the woman—a magnetism which comes from the brain, not the heart, and like an electric current she seems to charge the whole theatre with her presence. Mrs. Fiske plays from the head, and audiences think the emotions of this actress more than they feel them.

CHESTER T. CALDER.

White

VALLI VALLI AS WANDA IN "THE PURPLE ROAD," AT THE LIBERTY

A Theatre of Thrills

"A THEATRE of thrills"—so the management designates the new little Princess Theatre, opened in this city recently under the direction of Holbrook Blinn for the production of one-act plays. That a theatre so advertises itself shows what must be offered to entice our patronage in these days of overstimulated competition. This press-agent nomenclature, however, does more harm than good—as it often does—since the enterprise has a more serious, a deeper purpose than the mere providing of pure sensation.

Holbrook Blinn

Through a note on the program the management requests that immature persons bestow their patronage elsewhere, as it does not wish to limit its repertoire to the confines of their censorship. There is no more effective way, of course, of attracting the very young, who think they are very wise and old, as well as the very wise and old who hope here to find something that may still offer spice to their jaded appetites. The table-d'hôte menu of theatricals presented at this board is varied enough—there are satire, light comedy, pure horror, "punch," froth and tragedy—everything *bien raffiné* and quite different.

"Different? From what?"

"From the plays which are not and can be seen elsewhere," said Mr. Blinn when the writer put that question to him. He was sitting in his dressing room above the theatre, an isolated human being completely surrounded by manuscripts. The unsolicited dramatists are always on the lookout for new prey, and Mr. Blinn is their latest. But since he is such a staunch believer in the worth of the one-act play, he is willing to be their victim, if only his sufferings will produce what he is looking for.

It is as strange as it is true that this country, which is short-story mad, has as yet developed no liking for the one-act play. The analogy between these shorter forms of the novel and the drama is obvious, but the difference in their appeal is not so easily analyzed. That the one-act play has not attained in drama the position which the short story holds in fiction is due, so thinks Mr. Blinn, in great part to the fact that there have never been adequate means for presenting the former. There is no equivalent for the magazine in the theatre.

"Practically the only vehicles that have existed heretofore for the one-act plays have been the curtain-raiser and the vaudeville sketch, both of which are unsatisfactory. The former is usually no more than theatrical *hors d'œuvre*, an appetite whetter. It has come to us from England, where it served to keep the pit amused while the orchestra stalls were being filled. Its addition to the bill is usually taken to imply a weakness in the play that is to follow; it is only when the author or the principal actor is very well known, or when a manager wishes to add a novelty to a revival that a mixed bill is possible here."

"And the vaudeville stage—why has that failed to popularize the one-act play?"

"Because it is controlled largely by the matinée girl, whose sweet innocence must not be disturbed. Such consideration naturally hampers the development of the one-act play and leaves its authors but a limited choice of subject."

There have been various attempts, of course, to interest New York in the one-act play. Before the vaudeville bills included "tabloid drama," Rosina Vokes amused Broadway with an evening's entertainment made up of several short plays for a season or two. They were jolly old farces, full of nonsense and silliness, such as "The Pantomime Rehearsal," "The Milliner's Bill," and "A Game of Cards," and their success was due, not to their dramatic merits, but to the charm and ability of Miss Vokes and the actors associated with her. Among these were Weedon Grossmith and Felix Morris, who was a portrayer of "cameos of character" in Mr. Blinn's opinion.

In another valiant attempt to popularize the one-act play, Mr. Blinn himself had an active part. Associated with Helen Ware and Augustin Daly, under the latter's direction, an excellent cast presented a number of interesting and unusual short plays at Daly's old theatre in 1906.

"The reasons this endeavor did not succeed are many and difficult to define. The company was good, its purpose serious, its plays noteworthy, but the manner of presentation was inadequate for one thing. The undertaking was not sufficiently capitalized and so, of course, the *mise-en-scène* could not be the best. But the real deterrent factor, I think, was the house in which we gave these plays—old Daly's. Because it is a lyceum, the public looks upon it more as a town hall than a theatre, and refuses to take anything seriously that is presented there."

Mr. Blinn has long been a champion and friend of that theatrical stepchild—the one-act play. In 1900 he brought it to the fore under his own management in London, but with little approbation and encouragement from the public.

"The masses don't like one-act plays. They feel, I believe, that they are not getting their money's worth if they don't have an evening's full bill. They want one long play that shall grip them and hold their interest continuously; they do not like the change of mood a change in the bill would effect."

Though the masses may not want this, Mr. Blinn is of the opinion that a few of the elect do. For that reason he waited with his present venture until he had a special, very small and very exclusive theatre for the very select clientèle who would appreciate what he had to offer. As it seats but 298 in 244 orchestra chairs and eight boxes, one can easily see that it would take several weeks to exhaust even a small coterie of one-act play connoisseurs in a city of the size of New York. When all those who are interested and those whom they in turn may convert have been to see the one bill, it will be about time to change it, anyhow, for one of the most firmly fixed policies of the management is to avoid the long run of its plays.

White

INTERIOR OF THE PRINCESS THEATRE, NEW YORK

A new playhouse devoted to the production of one-act plays of a sensational kind, similar in character to those which made the Grand Guignol, of Paris, famous.

"For the sake of the actors, we stipulate in our contracts that they shall not be constrained to play one part for more than a number of weeks. To further the development of their versatility more, we give all the members of our company opportunities to play big and little parts of great variety. In one play I have the lead, in another the minor part of a policeman. Mr. Edward Ellis, who wrote one of the plays we give, has two

Photo Bangs

GRACE WASHBURN

American actress selected for the stellar rôle in "The American Review," which opened the London Opera House

parts of considerable importance in the third and the last plays; in the first he is only 'a voice' at the end of the wire; Mr. Trevor, who has good parts in two plays, is seen in the very minor rôle of the porter in the last. No—we want to avoid that hobgoblin, 'the long run,' so much that we shall take off plays that are successful in the very flush of their popularity."

With what kind of plays are you trying to arouse our interest in the one-act drama? How do you select them?

"Not to be daring, but to be free," is Mr. Blinn's definition of his purpose. "We have no message to bring; no lesson to preach. We hope to entertain, and if in so doing we instruct, so much the better. Our intention is not to shock, as some fear, but to present things as they are. The American people are emancipating themselves from the hypocrisy of Puritanism and the theatres are helping them do it. When we think of what we thought shocking five or ten years ago, the things we will have in our literature and upon our stage to-day are truly extraordinary. This is not a sign of degeneracy; it is a sign of growth. Anything that is suggestive and rotten will fail; what is frank and sincere will be welcomed to-day. Anything that depends upon unpleasantness for its effect may enjoy a short vogue, but that is all."

White

CARRIE REYNOLDS
Who is now appearing in vaudeville

In the face of this statement, the writer wondered how Mr. Blinn would justify his presentation of "Fear." This play which deals with an English soldier's fear of the cholera in India arouses no depth of emotion, but an intensity of sensation, the sensation of pure horror.

"It is a thriller, I will admit," and Mr. Blinn smiled that crooked, neat little Irish smile of his which is his open sesame to the favor of his audience. His smiles are precious by virtue of their scarcity. Perhaps that is not a fair thing to say after a short interview about very serious things. But to return to his defense of producing "Fear."

"That play depends for its effect not upon shock, but upon suspense. It is primarily a psychological study and as such it appeals to the minds of the audience, not only to their sensations. It might be much worse than it is, you know. We carefully omitted all the shocking details with which the French peppered and seasoned it when it was given at the Grand Guignol in Paris."

It is always consoling to be told that things might be worse.

But Mr. Blinn's defense was not at an end.

As his reason for selecting "Any Night," he declared that, though it portrayed the depths of the city's depravity it showed "what toll is sometimes exacted from those who travel on the wrong and 'easy' road. It is essentially tragic and its tragedy purges it of whatever suggestion of salaciousness the telling of it may have contained. The Bible is full of things we would not chatter about, but these we forget when we understand the purpose for which they have been told to us. The analogy is not perfect, nor even apt, but it helps to illustrate the point, perhaps.

"Suggestiveness, you know, is quite another thing from openness. This play is unmistakably frank. But those who prefer to wear blinders as they trudge their way through life are not encouraged to attend this theatre."

The writer held a third count against Mr. Blinn. What about "Fancy Free"? Isn't that really, truly immoral, since it sanctions an exceedingly free relationship between the married and the unattached? Again that smile and a dismissing wave of the hand.

"It's too frothy, too inconsequential to be shocking. It's subtle satire, you know, and just beautifully absurd."

In some of the newspapers, the Princess Theatre was heralded as presenting "smart shows for smart people." Was that the set to which it meant to cater?

"We hope the smart people will think these plays smart, of course—or they won't come," was the ready answer. "But we are not serving caviare here; we are serving meat. The price for the seats and the size of the house make it prohibitive, for the present, of course, for many who would appreciate these plays to see them. We hope to make them so alluring that they will become an incentive for saving. But one real advantage this exclusiveness has—it spares us from giving thought to the gallery gods. Hence we can afford to be natural. The untrained theatregoer, the uneducated, still hanker for the theatric, you know."

The gold wrist watch, which is an important piece of property in "Fear," showed that it was time to don khaki and bronze for the desert scene. So there was no more to be said in defense of a small beginning that may lead to a big conversion and of the man who may one day be known as the father of the One-Act Drama. "Food," a satirical playlet by William C. De Mille, has since been added to the bill at the Princess Theatre. It is a travesty on supposed economic conditions fifty years hence.

EVA E. VOM BAUR.

The Love-Sick Chorus Man to His Dance Partner of Last Season

I kissed her for every night of the week,
And every week of a year;
And I learned to know her powdery cheek,
And the glimpse of her whitened ear.
And many the song together we sung,
As we stood where the footlights glowed—
But she left me to stay on old Broadway,
While I am out on the road.

For many a time I spoke my love,
And many a time I swore
That her eyes were as-blue-as-the-heavens-above—
Aye, hundreds of times and more;
And many's the time I held her close
In the musical comedy mode;
But she dances to-day to old Broadway,
And forgets me out on the road.

And the one in her place has a taking face,
But the rouge is so sticky and queer,
And her voice at that is a bit more flat
Than the one that I tenored last year.
So although her name and her talk are the same
And we joke in the well-worn code,
My heart is away on old Broadway,
Though my feet are out on the road.

E. L. McKINNEY.

Fifth Avenue Studio
STATELY WOMEN OF THE CLASSIC TYPE SELECTED TO PLAY PRINCIPAL ROLES IN "LYSISTRATA"

A Suffragette Play

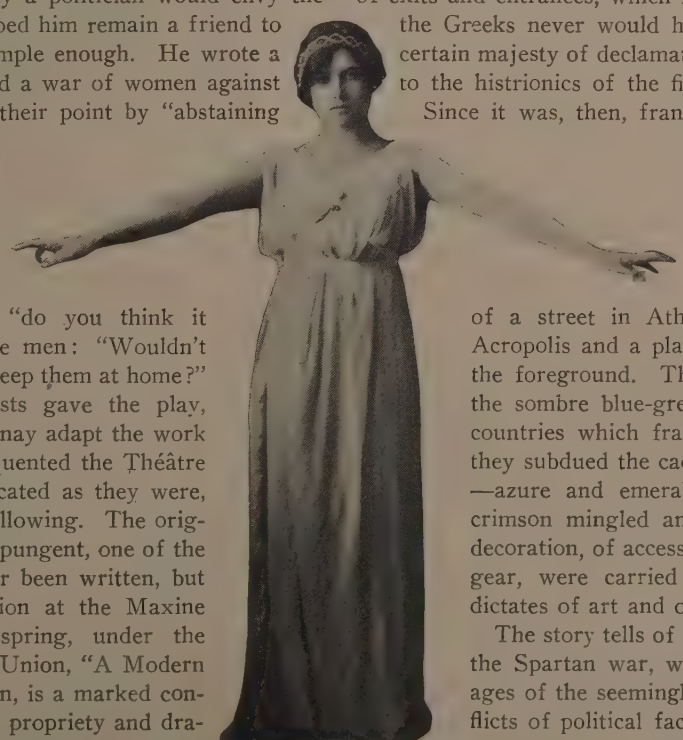
FOR their latest argument the suffragists have turned to the ancients. One of the newest methods they have adopted to advocate the cause of woman's rights has been the production of one of the oldest Greek plays, "Lysistrata," which Aristophanes wrote as long ago as 411 B.C.

The strange thing about this delightful comedy is not so much that it contains sentiments so like those current to-day that they might have been coined by a dramatist of the twentieth century A.D., but that the anti-suffragists regard it as an argument written especially for them. Many a politician would envy the dramatist his astuteness which helped him remain a friend to all the ladies. His method was simple enough. He wrote a plea for peace in which he depicted a war of women against men in which the former gained their point by "abstaining from love" and depriving men of their company. This is without a doubt a strategy known as "indirect influence."

"Aha!" say the Antis, "in that way we get what we want."

"So ho!" say the suffragists, "do you think it womanly and proper?" and to the men: "Wouldn't you rather give them the vote and keep them at home?"

When the French anti-suffragists gave the play, Gabrielle Réjane had Maurice Donnay adapt the work for the Parisian audience that frequented the Théâtre du Gymnase. Even they, sophisticated as they were, gasped and choked a bit in the swallowing. The original is regarded as one of the most pungent, one of the most daring dramas that have ever been written, but the version used for the production at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, this city, last spring, under the auspices of the Women's Political Union, "A Modern Paraphrase," by Laurence Housman, is a marked concession to present-day standards of propriety and dramatic art.



A CLASSIC FIGURE

The object of the performance was not to reproduce Greek drama or to familiarize a modern audience with its peculiarities and beauties, but to make propaganda for Votes for Women. Not only was the adaptation decidedly loose and free, but the manner of presentation was frankly not Greek. The suffragists took as many liberties with Aristophanes as with the property of others in the exercise of their militant methods abroad. Their version of the play was divided into two scenes and an interlude, between which the curtain fell; the theatre in which it was performed demanded the use of scenery, of exits and entrances, which made of the production something the Greeks never would have recognized. In the acting, a certain majesty of declamation was the only recognition given to the histrionics of the fifth century B.C.

Since it was, then, frankly, only a modern adaptation of the old comedy which should show how old is the question of women's rights, it must so be judged. As a modern play of Greek times it was effectively produced. The scene was that of a street in Athens with a distant view of the Acropolis and a platform before a high stone wall in the foreground. The browns of these structures and the sombre blue-green poplars of the Mediterranean countries which framed the stage contrasted well as they subdued the cacophony of tones in the costuming —azure and emerald, purple and rose, orange and crimson mingled and did not clash. The details of decoration, of accessories and properties, even of footgear, were carried out faithfully according to the dictates of art and of nature.

The story tells of the plight of Athens at the time of the Spartan war, when it was torn between the ravages of the seemingly endless campaigns and the conflicts of political factions. The women,

> To whom war decrees
> A life unhusbanded,

feel that they are the real sufferers from these conditions and that, feeling this so poignantly, they must use all their influence to bring them to an end. Lysistrata, their leader, impresses upon her fellow-women (a term that is not an anomaly, but a necessity) the fact that the hope of Greece lies in them; that upon them depends her future. She is convinced that if they will but abstain from love for a while and, banded together, defy the men and demand peace of them, then will they get what they want. But, though she has sent her summons from the North to the Peloponnese, the response is not so ready. It is a pitiful evidence that the other women are not yet so active and roused as she; "they drowse, lapt in fond dreams." Lysistrata is frankly disgusted and ashamed of her kind. But Calonice, the first Athenian to pledge herself to this cause of the women, has a word to say in their defense:

Ah, give them time! You trust
My word for it, they'll come! Often, no doubt,
'Tis difficult for women to get out;
For those with husbands have enough to do;
And servants need a looking after, too;
And then the children—one to put to bed,
And one to wash, another to be fed—
Ah! there's no end to it!

Bangs EDWARD J. MAGUIRE
Appearing in "Stop Thief" at the Gaiety

But slowly they come, from Bœotia, from Corinth and even from the hostile Sparta, and when they are collected she tells them of her plan—that when their husbands at the next festival return to them to make "a show and a pretense of peace," they shall "abstain from love"—a plan that meets with general disdain, it being "so unwomanly," until she goads their vanity by declaring that peace can only be bought with feminine allurements. Still Myrrhina, a very young bride, makes objection:

"But friend, suppose our husbands—went elsewhere?"

"Is yours like that?" is Lysistrata's quick, silencing retort.

The plot they lay is to storm the Acropolis where the gold necessary to carry on the war is stored; if they guard this zealously the campaign must come to an end through lack of funds. As they pass out on their way to carry out these schemes a chorus of old men enters, carrying big and little logs of wood and a big copper brazier. They are crabbed old men, with squeaky voices and foolish thoughts. They heap up the fire in order "to set fire to woman, so abominable, so accurst!" As they light their torches in the fire-pan the heads of four women appear over the wall to watch them. Catching sight of them, the men, with their lighted torches, crouch below the steps leading to the gate. The women advance, pretending not to see the men, but discussing them in no unmistakable terms. An amusing altercation follows in which, of course, the men are completely worsted—verbally annihilated, one might almost say. To the shower of cold words is added a shower of cold water, and in the dripping dribbling stage in which this leaves the hapless wretches, a committeeman finds them and brings them the solace of his grumbling against the insolence of womankind.

His speech, a clever satire on feminine presumption, might well have come from a member of the British Parliament, or even of our Congress:

What means this noise of women? Have the jades
Started their rackettings again—their raids,
Their drummings and their voices from the roof
At public meetings? Aye, had we not proof
When Strellus was in debate, only last week,
On Naval policy, began to speak
Of unlaunched keels left rotting on the slips:
Says he—most wisely—"You must *man* your ships
As well as build them." Suddenly in burst
A voice from nowhere—"Man your women first!"
It was his daughter! Athens being drained
Of marriagable men, affairs grow strained
Within the home. Then, on another occasion,
Brennus was holding forth about invasion,
Conscription, taxes, and the waste of war,
When all at once a voice squeaks through the door—
"What about women?"

Confronted by Lysistrata and her "comrades" and "sisters" he calls for the police "to seize and bind her fast" for him. One comes at his command, but meeting Stratylis, an Amazon both fair and formidable, he falls back and retires to seek further reinforcement. This reinforcement being thwarted too, a third policeman is pressed into service, but the combined trio is yet no match for the feminine bravery they must encounter. Armed with a pole, they once more advance in a compact body into the mob of women on the steps only to be confused by a shower of cloaks enveloping their heads and dragged into the citadel. There follows a colloquy between Lysistrata and the committeeman in which he meets with a similar fate. In the second scene there is further trenchant argument for both sides. The First Leader of the Women, in telling why weak women seek to serve the State as well as men—paying the debt they owe, says:

I, too, pay taxes: from my flesh there runs
Rich tribute; ye bear arms, but I bear sons
And daughters; ye bring death, but I raise life;
I build the fruitful home, while ye breed strife,
Envy and fear!

The men, unable to battle equally with words, resort to force of arms.

Physical force,
Basis of government,
True source of consent
Men yield to law;
Can she summon to her aid
The expletives and the explosives
Needful for moving one's inferiors,
And modifying by their hard corrosives
The stubborn and recalcitrant exteriors
Of this hard-crusted world?
Shall I resign my place to woman?
To whose care we give
Our homes, our wealth, our children, and who live
Only by our consent?

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE IN ALASKA

The above picture shows the United States mail, drawn on a sleigh by a team of dogs arriving at the Tanana post office, Alaska, carrying copies of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for military subscribers stationed at Fort Gibbon

FLORENCE ROCKWELL AS LADY MACBETH

This talented actress is appearing this season as Robert Mantell's leading lady

Chorus: NO! We will not permit it.

3rd Leader of the Men:
Shall we allow the sex-war—this attack
Of infamous discontent
Behind our back—
On man's prerogative?

Chorus: NEVER!

1st Leader of the Men:
For through men's heart there runs in flood
A noble and a natural thirst for blood.

2d Leader of the Men:
To form a ring and fight!

3d Leader of the Men:
To cut off heads at sight!

4th Leader of the Men:
It is our right!
Women don't understand it.

Chorus: NO!

1st Leader of the Men:
But if we grant to these facilities
For doing what man does——

2d Leader of the Men:
And what man alone
Has any right to do!

1st Leader of the Men:
Aye, even one small handle for their own—
They will go far!

4th Leader of the Men:
(With action) So, take we each a torch,
And, thrusting, let it scorch
The gaping mouth, the giddy, gabbling tongue,
The——

And there ends their bravery. A futile pretense of attack ends in a hasty retreat, for as the First Leader of the Women says:

. . . more strong are we,
We women, bound in deathless fealty
To break this war. Our hands shall hold in check
Your armaments and bow the stubborn neck of all your pride!

Photo Gerlach

MANA ZUCCA
Now appearing in the revival of "The Geisha"

Lysistrata, "pale and sad of brow and heavy with discontent," now enters upon the scene. The women, puffed with the pride of their victory, are quite nonplussed to hear her say,

Woman's weak will and her lascivious ways
O'erload my heart!

Her reason is: "They hanker for the men!" Many have, in modern parlance, proved "quitters" and returned home on such meagre reason as that they must keep the moths out of the fleece, comb their store of flax, or bring succor to a child which does not exist!

It remains with Myrrhina to show how strong, how determined a woman can be in the very face of temptation. Cynesias and her little boy have come to fetch her home; they plead with love, to warm her mother-heart and bring her back to them:

Have you no pity on a little child?
See how the tangled curls have all run wild
For lack of care; and like the little head,
The tender body goes unwashed, unfed!

To which Myrrhina answers tauntingly:

Pity it is when fathers so neglect
Their children!

She tantalizes him prettily, seeming to make promises only to withdraw all hope of their fulfillment. As she leaves him Cynesias calls out,

Oh, me! Alas! When shall I find release
From all these torments?

to which the First Leader of the Women makes answer:

When you bring us peace.

The rebellious women and the defenseless men are again assembled before the citadel when a herald comes from Sparta, offering peace, for

'Tis the desire of every Spartan man
That lacks his mate.

But the Committeeman only regards him with the superiority of his contempt and dismisses him. But it is not long before two other Spartan ambassadors come to renew the offers, and two Athenians arrive with the same purpose in mind. They call for Lysistrata to help them, which she, bringing Peace with her, does. Then there is dancing and feasting, of course, to express the great rejoicing as Lysistrata restores to the men their sweethearts, saying:

Since ye have made peace, do ye not deserve
The fruits of peace? We conquer but to serve.

Miss Isobel Merson, who is a member of John Kellerd's Shakespearean company, played the leading part as she did in London last year when Gertrude Kingston opened her Little Theatre with this production. The demands it made upon her declamatory powers she met adequately and with sufficient variation to make its oratorical eloquence interesting and human. Much credit is also due to her for the coaching. To Miss Florence Gerrish, an amateur, should be given due credit for a very sympathetic and graceful performance in the part of Myrrhina. Of the men, Mr. E. F. Coward, one of the stars of the Amateur Club, who took the part of the Committeeman, deserves special commendation. An uncertainty whether their parts demanded classic or modern handling marred the acting of several players as did a seeming indefiniteness in instruction for the chorus. The dancing at the end of the performance by seven young society girls and Paul Swan—who bears the name of "Tolaus," because of his resemblance to a Greek god and danced in a baby leopard skin that gave cause to the good suffragists to sit on the edge of their chairs and be shocked—this seemed a needless concession to the demands of Broadway.

However, all in all, it was a good performance, and what is best, it helped the cause for it converted two antis and a man. Moreover, it netted a goodly sum for the treasury. E. E. v. B.

For the first time in his career of twenty-five years under the management of Charles Frohman, John Drew will visit California in two successive seasons between the end of his present tour in "The Perplexed Husband," and the end of the next theatrical year. An elaborate production of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" is already being prepared for Mr. Drew's use next season. The part of Benedict will naturally be played by John Drew, and negotiations are now under way for a contract with one of the best known of younger American actresses, though not a star, for the rôle of Beatrice.

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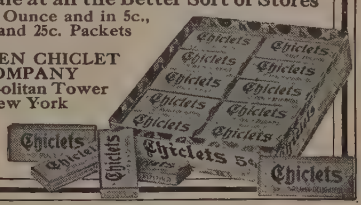

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Some Spring Plays in Paris

(*Continued from page* 170)

that you committed a crime against love. There, I promised not to make a scene, and I'm beginning one. I beg your pardon.

Kamensky: How can a man help a little feeling of dread when it is so easy for you to become violent?

Fedosia: What! When something that I have to say to you can't be said gently. . . .

Kamensky: What is it? Try.

Fedosia: When your mother made us marry you said to her. . . . "I've wronged this girl, to repair it I shall marry her, then I'll quit her." You gave me your name, your title, and generously, your money. But was that reparation? You should have instructed me since you thought I was your inferior. You didn't do it—but consciously, with premeditation you've degraded me, you've tried to degrade me. Then you ran away—to crown all! You've fulfilled I don't know what social duty, but you've failed in your moral duty. Listen to me, Serge, you have failed!

Kamensky: My dear, that tone!

Fedosia: Oh, well, I've said it, I've got it off my mind. (Smiling) It was precisely to tell you this that I arranged this meeting.

Kamensky: If you feel relieved I am glad I failed to avoid it. Now.

(He kisses her hand in farewell.)

Fedosia: Where are you going?

Kamensky: Home.

Fedosia: To the hotel?

Kamensky: Of course.

Fedosia: That was natural before you knew that you were a proprietor of a Venetian palace, but now you won't affront me by returning to-night to the Danieli.

Kamensky: Where do you wish me to go?

Fedosia: Home—with me.

Kamensky: Are you crazy? Don't you know that I can't do what you propose?

Fedosia: Why?

Kamensky: Put it that I'm afraid.

Fedosia: So be it. But to-morrow? Come to breakfast with me?

Kamensky: What is the use?

Fedosia (in a low voice): Aren't you curious?

Kamensky: What about?

Fedosia: Nothing. You have no curiosity. You amuse yourself, yes, that's the word, by teaching a woman something and you run away before finding out if she has profited by your instruction. To-morrow?

Kamensky: I don't know. Perhaps. Adieu.

Fedosia: Adieu.

(She makes a gesture of rage behind his back.)

WILLIS STEELL.

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Caruso Sings a New "Rigoletto" Solo—Rigoletto, *Parmi veder le lagrime* (*Each Tear That Falls*), Verdi.

This melodious number, which has been much neglected in American performances of the opera, being usually omitted, occurs at the opening of Act II.

An Ave Maria with Obbligato by Elman—Ave Maria, Percy B. Kahn.

A most effective, serious composition by that skillful pianist and composer, Percy B. Kahn, who is well known to Victor owners for the sympathetic accompaniments to the Victor Elman records.

A German Folk-Song by Schumann-Heink—Spinnerliedchen (*Spinning Song*), Reimann.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's list of German folk-songs and lullabies is further increased this month by a charming little Spinning Song by Heinrich Reimann, the well-known composer and teacher of Berlin.

An English Song by Gluck—Song of the Chimes (*Cradle Song*).

A beautiful *berceuse* by Lola Worrell, just published by the White-Smith Company, which Mme. Gluck has been using in her concerts with great success.

The subdued notes of the distant chimes, introduced in the accompaniment, produce a peculiarly impressive effect.

Clement Sings "The Palms"—Les Rameaux, Faure.

Faure's noble song of the Resurrection is now issued by the Victor for the first time in the original language, or tenor voice, and the record is a notable one. *Advt.*

"The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory, one of the most comic of the one-act plays in the repertoire of The Irish Players during their American tours, is to be played in vaudeville this summer.

Legitimate Dramatic Star

(*Continued from page* 174)

into the history of Egypt, into museums to get an idea of costume and jewelry, and then I had all the fun of designing my clothes for the part. You see, there had to be some modifications, for the dress of the women of the time of Joseph, especially such a radical lady as Zuleika, isn't exactly fitted to stage production. The general characteristics are there though, even to the jewels for each costume. Those I change for every different dress, armlets, rings and bracelets, and you should see my hands. There are scars and scratches all over them. The art of personal adornment had its drawbacks for Egyptian ladies, plainly.

Hunting out these little details is just another attraction in the work as a whole. History has a fascination for me. I don't mean the dry-as-dust facts and figures in school books and encyclopedias, but the dressed-up sort where there is a real story attached to it. When I was with Mme. Simone, the history of the time of Marie Antoinette required some study on my part, and long after the play had ended I was still reading it. I enjoyed it too. What is more, study of history contemporary with the period of the play is a great help. It all gives such an insight into the time that is shown on the stage and makes it so much easier to enter right into the spirit of that time and play it naturally.

Next to history, I think that I would rather read Shakespeare than anything else. I've always wanted to play some one of his women, and I have studied them carefully in the hope that a chance will come. Meanwhile, I am Zuleika every minute of the time that I'm in the theatre.

Outside, here in my home, I forget her in my other interests. It's very necessary, I believe, to do that, for then I can take her up when the time comes, with all the freshness that a hard rôle requires. The days are quiet. They have to be, if I want to keep my health, but I don't call in the aid of a lot of fads. I love to walk and that is one of the best things anyone can do to keep well. Anything that is out of doors appeals to me, though. As for the rest, it is only common-sense attention to such things as diet and plenty of sleep that I have to watch out for. I have my books and my music, and some days I sing to my heart's content until I'm tired. And above all things I have a sense that I have won success, and that makes for happiness and general well being, too, I suppose. But sometimes I wonder how different my life would have been if that telephone hadn't rung.

Books Received

The Sixty-First Second. By Owen Johnson. Illustrated. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Bishop's Purse. By Cleveland Moffett and Oliver Herford. Illustrated. New York, D. Appleton & Company.

The Flirt. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Page & Company.

A Turkish Woman's European Impressions. By Zeyneb Hanoum. Illustrated. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company.

Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards. New York, Macmillan Company.

The Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company.

New Dramatic Books

Lucky Pehr. By August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $1.50 net.

There are Crimes and Crimes. Translated by Edwin Bjoerkman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents net.

Strindberg's plays and writings generally are fast finding publication in America. That he is an interesting, intellectual force cannot be doubted, and these publications will receive attention. The Scribner volume has an interesting preface.

Opera Stories. By Filson Young. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

The simple synopsis of plays and operas is useful enough for reference on occasion, and there is a demand for books of the kind; but there is a difference in quality and readability, according as the work is done perfunctorily or with spirit and literary skill. Mr. Young has done his work well and makes entertaining reading of his stories of "Faust," "Carmen," "The Magic Flute," "Don Giovanni," "Aida," "Madam Butterfly," "The Bohemians," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Hänsel and Gretel."

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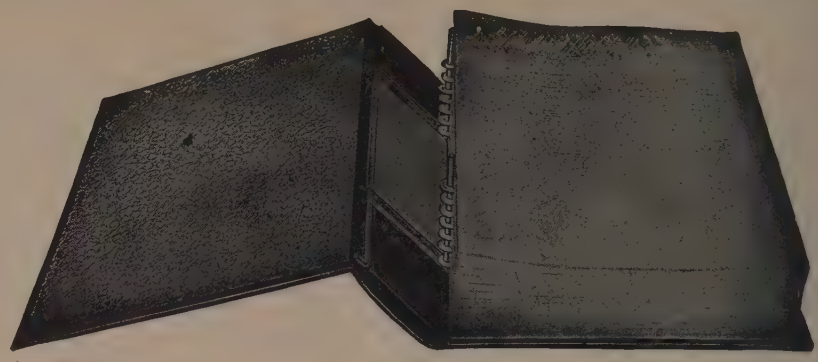

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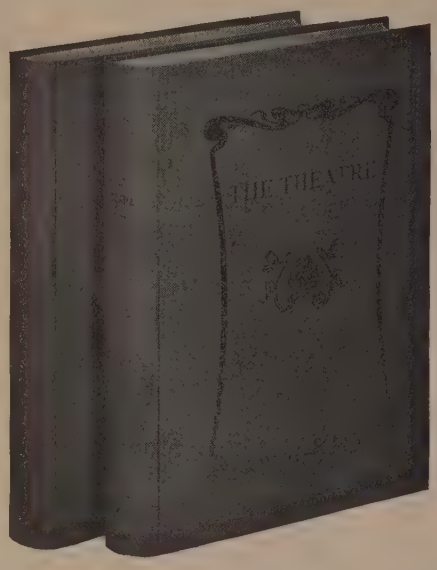

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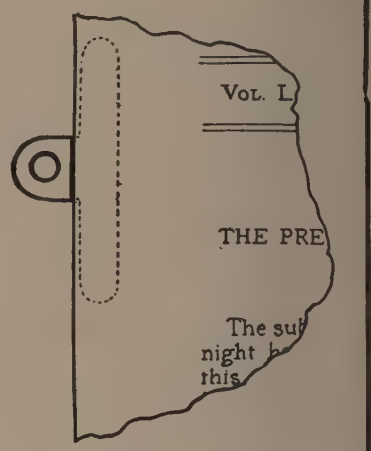

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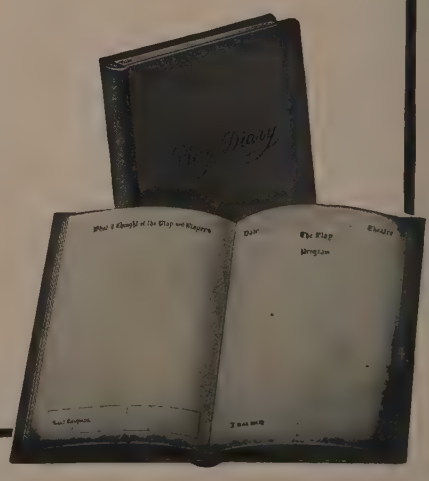

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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The Divine Sarah Again

(Continued from page 166)

many different branches of art and succeeded. Her painting, her sculpture, have been admired independently of the signature. She has exhibited in the Paris salons and won prizes. Her writing is easy and elegant; her style flows in poetically chiselled arabesques, with pretty thoughts set in like little gems. And her great love for beauty shines unwaveringly through all she does.

Her love of beauty, and her love of life in all its manifestations. Animals are her delight. And although she has abandoned snakes and panthers, she always has some sort of pets about her, and their health and welfare preoccupy her greatly. There is a big mother heart in the divine tragedienne's breast—a craving to care and to protect. All the members of her company are her children. She thinks of each one's comfort and is continually on the lookout for some happy little surprise to make them. Of course, they all worship Madame and stand by her like faithful soldiers, eager to read her wishes from her lips and helping her devoutly to gather all her wreaths of laurel. The work with her is hard and strenuous, but how could they think of complaining, since Madame herself works harder than all of them put together. Work, uninterrupted activity, have been the strengthening and preserving factors in this wonderful woman's life. They have carried her to the heights of fame and glory; they have given her, above all, an inward feeling of happiness that irradiates her delicate features with ever-youthful loveliness.

And if you want to know what Sarah Bernhardt's program is, hear it with her own words: "*Tailler les pierres précieuses fournies par les poêtes.*"

FRANCES C. FAY.

Night That Lincoln Was Shot

(Continued from page 180)

"'Oh, that explains things!' he ejaculated with a smile, and then told me of Miss Hart's misadventure, adding that he had kept her under strict watch since her arrest so that she could not communicate with anyone, and hence my story must be correct, as she had given the same account. He went immediately to the prison and released the young woman.

"The mistake of the negroes—who had added the part about the conspiracy talk from their imaginations, as negroes will—was not without reason. Booth and I, as I've said, were much alike. That morning, I wore a hat identical in appearance with the one Booth was wearing, and also the same sort of cape cloak he wore; what was known in those days as a Talma. Hence the negroes, who had seen Booth oftentimes at the stables, mistook me for him."

Mr. Emerson was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on December 27, 1837. His first appearance on the stage was with a dramatic club of that city in Otway's "Venice Preserved."

"I remember telling our negro orchestra of two fiddles and a clarionet to play some appropriate music when the curtain fell on the tragedy," said Mr. Emerson with a smile.

"'All right, boss,' said the leader, 'We knows.' And when the curtain fell on the awful tragedy they merrily struck up, 'Hail Columbia!' He evidently thought I meant patriotic music."

For some years he played in the theatres of Washington and the Southern cities. After the assassination of Lincoln, he retired for a short time, to reappear in Washington, at Oxford Hall, as Landry Barbeaud in "Fanchon." Later, he went to New York and played at the old Broadway Theatre, then under the management of John E. McDonough, his principal rôle being Arthur Stunner in the "Seven Sisters." After that he played at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, which was then under the management of Edwin Booth and his brother-in-law, John Sleeper Clarke.

He then retired permanently from the stage and took the management of the Lynchburg Theatre, in Virginia, which he held for twenty-seven years. Returning then to Washington, he went into the mercantile business with Julius Lansbur, until ten years ago he organized the Emerson Art Glass Company, dealing in all kinds of stained glasswork. In this business, despite his years, he is still prosperously engaged. With his side whiskers, one can imagine that, with small make-up, he might even now go upon the stage and take the part of Lord Dundreary, which was so tragically interrupted nearly two generations ago.

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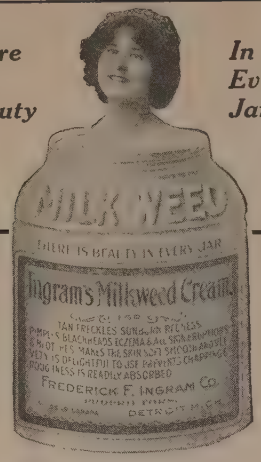

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THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 163)

When the detective goes out in pursuit of her pal it is seen that she has given him a different box from the one containing the necklace. She telephones to her pal and is presently to rejoin him. The whole value of such a little play could only be in the treatment.

WALLACK'S. "Maid in Germany." Musical comedy in two acts by Darrell H. Smith, Edwin M. Savino and Charles Gilpin. Produced on April 26th with this cast:

General Weber, D. E. Rorer; Frederick Weber, J. B. French; Dr. Emile Montaine, J. H. McFadden, Jr.; Vadka Rudavaskawitch, B. B. Reath; Lydia, R. G. Morris; Clarice, D. A. Hogan; Hans Slick, W. T. Towneley; Fritz, T. R. Merrill; Herbert Sterling, C. H. Bannard, Jr.; Gladys Sterling, Thomas Hart; A Chauffeur, G. H. Wisner; Hulda, W. M. Wright.

For twenty-five years now The Mask and Wig Club, the undergraduate dramatic organization at the University of Pennsylvania, has been making productions. Recently it has renewed its visits to this city, and in April gave two performances at Wallack's that were models of their kind. In fact it is not slopping over to say that for surety of stage management, ingeniousness of evolution and rapidity and nicety of accomplishment, few professional productions of the season could measure up to the standard it set. It was altogether a splendid and enjoyable entertainment. There was a good book, with a real story, expressed in humorous and witty dialogue, a tinkling, jingling score that was familiarly tuneful, handsone costumes and elaborate scenery. But it was the snap and go of the performance that made it what it was.

The big cast was excellent in every respect, but J. H. McFadden, Jr., B. B. Reath, R. G. Morris and W. T. Towneley deserve high praise for work of a superlative, professional character.

ASTOR. "Quo Vadis." This remarkable moving picture exhibit is probably the most ambitious photo-drama ever shown on an Ameriacn screen. The pictures, which were made in Italy, have all the elaboration and artistic finish to the smallest detail that mark foreign made films, and the *mise-en-scène* is masterly and magnificent. The story, based on the well-known book by the famous Polish author, Sienkiewicz, is amply provided with sensational thrills and follows the novel pretty closely. The original production was on a lavish scale, the tableaux all being of sumptuous splendor, while the company, of exceptional size and ability, comprises several hundreds of players. Noteworthy among the many spectacular scenes are the burning of Rome, the banqueting and attendant orgies of the court of Nero, the chariot races and battle of the gladiators in the arena, and the massacre of the Christians by the lions. The latter scene, especially, is one of remarkable realism, the effect having been obtained, doubtless, by means of a double exposure. The effect is so real as to bring gasps of horror from the spectators. "Quo Vadis" assuredly reaches a climax in moving picture art—it is verily a masterpiece of the "movies."

LONGACRE. "Are You a Crook?" Farce in three acts by William J. Hurlbut and Frances Whitehouse. Produced on May 1st with this cast:

Butler, Harry Barefoot; Mrs. Finch, Elita Proctor Otis; Bessie Livingston, Elizabeth Nelson; William Chandler, Scott Cooper; Julius Gildersleeve, Joseph Kilgour; Amy Herrick, Marguerite Clark; Arthur Daly, Forrest Winant; Fanny Fuller, Ivy Troutman; Ray Archer, Harry Stockbridge; Mr. Conway, George Fawcett; Mrs. McKey, Marion Ballou; First Policeman, Robert Taller; Second Policeman, Malcolm Lang.

It is a pity that after having built such a really beautiful and commodious playhouse as the Longacre that manager H. H. Frazee didn't have something a little better than "Are You a Crook?" with which to open it. It is a question as to whether the metropolis needs any more theatres, but if it must be it is fortunate that those who build them should be endowed with such a nice sense of that which conduces to the public's comfort, and such good taste as well as this newcomer in local theatricals would seem to possess.

The Longacre, situated on 48th Street, West of Seventh Avenue, has a classic façade and an interior of white, mauve and gold. The lines are sweeping and yet it has that intimate sense so desired in the modern playhouse. Particularly graceful is the arrangement of the boxes and the proscenium arch, while the curtain in its richness and delicacy of shade is truly beautiful. W. J. Hurlbut and Frances Whitehouse are the authors of this farce which earlier in the season was tried out under another title. It contains a capital idea for a snappy, bustling farce, although the

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elemental thought is really satrical. It is a travesty on the prevailing dramatic mania for the stars of the underworld, the crooks of every description from the "dip" to the "gunman."

A young woman, Amy Herrick, a poor relation, has become so infatuated with the thieving idea that she dresses up as a boy, holds up an automobile and unknowingly robs one of her aunt's friends of a pearl necklace. The necklace is a fake one, as the original has been pawned to provide funds for the political campaign of the man with whom the owner is in love. Then start the complications, a young novelist, fascinated by Amy, tries to save her by assuming the theft, and in his apartment in Washington Square, a most overdecorated and uncomfortable-looking place; the action follows with detectives real and amateur all taking part, and the real and fake jewels constantly changing hands. The young woman's reputation is finally saved and some sort of explanation is eventually arrived at, but situation after situation seemed to just miss fire, and the whole effect was one of disappointment, although there were plenty of funny and witty lines and some skill evinced in the delineation of character. One fault in particular which worked against complete success was a proper want of preparation. The play had not been sufficiently rehearsed. Amy was very charmingly presented by Marguerite Clark, whose success was one of personality rather than characterization. The honors were carried off by Elita Proctor Otis as a social vulgarian. Her work was a triumph of incisive and sustained humor. In the cast Joseph Kilgour, Forrest Winant, Ivy Troutman and George Fawcett also figured with varying effect.

LYRIC. "ARIZONA." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Revived on April 28th with the following cast:

Henry Canby, Rapley Holmes; Colonel Bonham, William Farnum; Sam Wong, John Herne; Mrs. Canby, Jennie Dickerson; Estrella Bonham, Chrystal Herne; Lena Kellar, Alma Bradley; Lieut. Denton, Dustin Farnum; Bonita Canby, Elsie Ferguson; Miss MacCullagh, Phyllis Young; Dr. Fenlon, George O'Donnell; Captain Hodgman, Walter Hale; Tony Mostano, Vincent Serrano; Lieut. Hallock, J. W. Hartman; Sergeant Kellar, Oliver Doud Byron; Lieut. Young, John Drury; Major Cochran, Harry S. Hadfield; Private Quigley, Frederick Kley.

"Arizona," a Brady revival at the Lyric Theatre, stood the test of the lapse of time since its success here a few years ago. Why not? This apprehension that time will tarnish a good play is a curious indication of the unrest and the seeking for the new in the public mind. Fortunately, there was nothing old-fashioned in the art of the play, something that provides an excuse for easy laughter at some of these revivals. The story of Mr. Thomas' play is unimpaired by any change of taste and sentiment. The players provided for it were of unusual quality, the opportunity to bring them together at the fag end of the season being a fortunate possibility. Miss Elsie Ferguson as Bonita, with her love scenes and her opportunities for the display of a sweet nature, common to the character and to herself, was a happy choice for the part. Miss Chrystal Herne was Estrella, the wife, about whom the action swirled. Mr. Rapley Holmes as Henry Canby, Mr. William Farnum as Col. Bonham, who other actors of well-known efficiency, gave the performance distinction.

CENTURY.—The Angelini-Gattini Opera Company, of Milan, filled an engagement of several weeks at the Century Theatre. The artistic conscience so manifest in visiting foreign companies is worthy of note. The stage setting is always simple, often crude, but the acting and the singing show rigid training, without the loss of individuality. The audiences were largely composed of Italians. The general patronage was not altogether meagre, but the company deserved better of the American element. The repertory was not small, and the company, no doubt, was prepared at a moment's notice to present a change of bill. We have no such organization with us. One of the operas produced was Audran's "La Cigale," with Madame Gattini as Teresa and Angelini as the Duke.

COMEDY. "HER FIRST DIVORCE." Comedy in three acts by C. W. Bell. Produced on May 5th with the following cast:

Jacobs, Harry Lillford; Harry Willmott, Julian L'Estrange; Ethel Willmott, Laura Hope Crews; Delancey Rowe, Allan Pollock; Clara Rowe, Ruth Holt Boucicault; Olga, Adora Andrews; James Broderick, Harold Russell; Miss Cullen, Crosby Little.

It is still an open question whether it is better to produce a tenuous play at the beginning or at the fag end of the season. But one fact is pretty well established and that is that in these days of vital competition the "fairly good" has

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little chance of enduring success at any time of the year. This accounts for the fate which befell C. W. Bell's three act American comedy, "Her First Divorce," which recently had a run of one week at the Comedy Theatre. As far as the dialogue went it was quite amusing. But unfortunately this phase of its merit was almost entirely independent of the situation, and so the piece lacked that cohesiveness between word and action that make for farcial or comedy effect.

Against her husband's wishes a woman lawyer takes a case for divorce which her friend has brought against a supposed recreant sponse. The demon jealously is roused into action, and after the allotted complications have been raised and laid everything is brought to a happy conclusion.

Laura Hope Crews was the Portia, a rôle she acted with considerable vigor. Julian L'Estrange as her husband was polite and capable, while the other pair, domestically estranged, were cared for by Ruth Holt Boucicault and Allan Pollock.

CASINO. "IOLANTHE." Operetta in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Revived on May 12th with this cast:

Strephon, George MacFarlane; The Earl of Mount Ararat, Arthur Cunningham; The Earl of Tolloller, Arthur Aldridge; Private Willis, John Hendricks; The Train-Brearer, Henry Smith; The Lord Chancellor, De Wolf Hopper; Iolanthe, Viola Gillette; The Fairy Queen, Kate Condon; Celia, Anna Wheaton; Leila, Louise Barthel; Fleta, Nina Napier; Phyllis, Cecil Cunningham.

The revival of "Iolanthe," at the Casino, is a truly admirable one in every respect. It is beautifully staged, excellently acted and sung with rich opulence of tune and effect. To those who appreciate a witty and poetical book, associated with music of the daintiest and most melodious kind, this entertainment is highly commended. During their long partnership, Gilbert and Sullivan, perhaps, evolved operettas that made a more popular appeal than this delicious satire involving peers and peris, but few surpass it in the finish and fresh applicability of its wit or the witching charm and refined artistry of its score.

And how refreshing it is to listen to a libretto that eliminates horseplay and the puerilities of Broadway persiflage; for the production is given with a pleasing and reverent devotion to the high grade quality of the book.

Everyone in the cast deserves mention. There is humorous dignity and quaint comicality to De Wolf Hopper's interpretation of the Lord Chancellor; there is nice masculine vigor to George MacFarlane's Strephon; there is pompous humor contributed by Arthur Cunningham and Arthur Aldridge as the two Dukes; there is fine sonorousness to John Hendricks' rendering of Private Willis, and graceful charm to Viola Gillette's assumption of the title rôle. Kate Condon realizes histrionically and vocally all the fine points of the Fairy Queen, and there is a genuine find in Miss Cecil Cunningham, who plays Phyllis. Rarely beautiful in face and figure she acts with easy, graceful significance and discloses a voice of nice sympathetic quality, which has been carefully trained.

If you have never seen "Iolanthe" before go and see it now. If it is a familiar and pleasurable recollection go and renew it at the Casino.

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French Theatre in New York

New York is to have a French theatre next season. Sarah Bernhardt heads the list of patronesses, and the company will be made up of pupils of the Paris Conservatoire. Beverley Sitgreaves, an actress well known on the American stage, will also be a member. A playhouse will be built for the organization, the location being in the neighborhood of Broadway and 42nd Street, and it is expected to be ready to open on November 1st next.

The regular season of the theatre will be twenty-four weeks. At the conclusion of this period the company will be sent on a tour which will take in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago, and several cities in Canada.

A majority of the plays to be presented will be modern. What are called "gala performances" will be given the first Monday and Tuesday of every other week. These will be the subscription nights. There will also be special matinées of classic plays, and nights will be set apart for a subscription series at lower rates for students of French and women's clubs. There will also be performances at popular prices for French people where the "two francs fifty" price will prevail, equivalent to 50 cents in American currency.

It had been intended at first to call the institution "Le Théâtre Français," but the English form of "The French Theatre" has been decided upon instead.

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Among the patrons are Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Auguste George, Mrs. W. S. Gurnee, Mrs. Cortlandt E. Palmer, Mrs. James B. Eustis, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, Princess Amelie Troubetzkoy, S. Montgomery Roosevelt, Mrs. A. L. Konta, Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard, Beverley Sitgreaves, Miss Belle De Acosta Greene, Margaret Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville T. Snelling, Miss Juliana Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moran, Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lydig, Otto H. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. McDougall Hawkes, Major Creighton Webb, Ferrars Heaton Town, Leonidas Westervelt, Joseph B. Thomas, Augustus Thomas, Harry Content, Miss F. M. Cottenet, Dr. C. T. Dade, and Adolphe Cohn, Professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University.

Mrs. Philip Lydig is the head of the Committee on Plays and Patrons.

Fifty Years Ago

When Lester Wallack first set his famous drama, "Rosedale," on the stage of the old Wallack Theatre, in New York, at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, he had assembled about him one of the best companies of the time. Fifty years ago, however, the seventeen players in Wallack's cast, though many of them were the most prominent actors and actresses of their day, were all employed at a weekly salary ranging from $8 to $100. Only two players in the cast, Lester Wallack himself and Mrs. John Hoey, received the maximum. While these two were drawing $100 a week each, John Gilbert, who played the rôle of Miles McKenna, the gypsy, received $75.

William A. Brady, who revived the drama for a four weeks' season at the Lyric, in New York, where it opened April 7th, has been making a comparison between the records of those days and of the present. "Wallack," he commented, "appeared in the rôle of Elliot Grey in the play he had himself written and played the leading rôle at the head of his own company for $100 a week. I don't care to say what salary the actor received who played the same rôle fifty years later in the same play, but I'm in a position to testify to one fact, at least—his individual salary would spread itself over the majority of the Wallack players. Mrs. Hoey received the same that Wallack received. John Gilbert received $75 and never made more than $125 a week during his whole career, by the way, and he was one of the most prominent actors of his decade, and George Holland, father of E. M. Holland, received $40. What would his son demand for playing the same rôle to-day? I mention these four together because each of them, by the terms of their contracts, received, in addition, the proceeds or the portion of proceeds from benefits. Wallack was allowed two benefits in a season, and the others had smaller shares. But this added very little, comparatively speaking, to their incomes.

"Charles Fisher, who played the rôle of Bunberry Cobb, received $40 a week. H. Daly received $18, and he seemed very glad to play the rôle of Colonel Cavendish for that liberal wage. John Sefton played the part of Romany Rob for $35 weekly, and Browne, who ran his famous chop house while he acted, received $30. Mrs. Vernon, one of the best known actresses of her day, playing the important rôle of Tabitha Stork, supported herself—and lived luxuriously, too—on $30 a week. Mary Gannon, who created the rôle of Rosa Leigh, was paid $40, and Mrs. John Sefton, as Sarah Sykes, drew $25. The girl, Emma Le Brun, who appeared in the rôle of Sir Arthur May, was paid $8—the minimum wage of the cast.

"In these piping days of high salaries I would need to add mighty few dollars to the salary of any one of the players in the company I assembled for the revival of 'Rosedale' to make up an amount equal to Wallack's entire payroll."

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HAVE you ever enjoyed a shopping tour with the Matinée Girl? She is a fascinating creature, this winsome Matinée Girl; a half child on the borderland of womanhood, with the charm of both, and the whims and contradictions that make the feminine so irresistible, even though she be endowed with a keen wit and wisdom that may puzzle the sages. To shop with her is both a pleasure and an education; an ardent satellite of Dame Fashion, she anticipates her every move, and makes her purchases from a knowledge of values tempered with the unerring feminine instinct. After a visit to the shops with this delightful little Lady, you will realize that you know a lot more about the fads and novelties of the fashion world. Nothing that is new and good escapes her eager eye, yet she selects the various articles carefully and is seldom extravagant. The wardrobe she has selected for the Summer will give you, undoubtedly, many suggestions for your own. It is wonderfully complete, as the Matinée Girl is planning for a very busy season with plenty of good healthy exercise on land and on sea, merry little luncheons at the clubhouses, gay garden parties, and the tango as a windup to the merry whirl. And for all these occasions she must have the proper costumes, as the title of being well dressed is earned only by the woman who knows when and where and how to wear her frocks.

Fig. 3.

When She Awakes

Every mortal with a feminine heart loves dainty negligées, and the Matinée Girl's first interest was to find a cool, pretty negligée in which she could slip her pretty arms when she sipped her coffee in the boudoir (Fig. 1). She wanted a simple little gown which could be washed with very little trouble, yet one which would be delightfully cool and "comfy" on the hottest morning. She found the very negligée she was seeking in one of the shops which make a specialty of the frilly, lacey, appealing gowns classed under the name "negligée." The negligée which caught the eye of this experienced shopper was fashioned from white embroidered Swiss. She could have selected one with a white background over which little rosebuds had been scattered, or the same style in a colored batiste, but she reasoned that white would appeal to every mood, whereas a colored gown might not harmonize with her feelings on certain mornings.

She wanted the gown to be deliciously feminine, and she, therefore, insisted that it should be liberally enhanced with lace. The lace on the negligée, as shown in the sketch, is applied in the form of insertion, and the Pointe de Paris lace, which is really the German valenciennes, was chosen as being the most durable under many ministrations of the laundress. A pretty effect was produced by bringing the bands of insertion to a point on the shoulder, thus giving the fashionable long shoulder line. The neck is cut in V and softened by a double frill of lace, and the short kimono sleeves are finished by a frill of wide lace. It was a charming little negligée, and one of those paradoxical creations that make the young girl look more youthful, and yet are equally becoming to women of an older growth. When the Matinée Girl opened her purse to pay for the gown she took out only three five-dollar bills ($15) for the sweetest, prettiest, daintiest negligée imaginable.

She didn't shut her purse, however, until she had paid for a boudoir cap to complete this charming creation, for, as she explained, "these adorable little caps are as useful as they are ornamental. It is such an easy matter to slip on one of these caps to hide the hair until it can be properly coiffed." The cap she picked out was particularly fetching with its well-shaped lace frill falling well over the back of the neck. It was a dainty little affair made from rows of Normandy valenciennes and the finest of embroidery, and lined with pink chiffon. This pretty shade of pink was repeated in the chiffon rose buds nestling on either side. The Matinée Girl could not resist its appeal, once the clerk has arranged it on her curly brown hair, and she readily took $9.50 out of her purse to pay for it. With this fascinating little cap and the dainty negligée the Matinée Girl felt that she was well equipped to receive her intimate chums and discuss the coming events of the day, even before breakfast.

Fig. 6.

Her Utility Suit

When she is going to town to shop, or when she is going on a trip, say a week-end visit, she intends to wear one of the trig, good-looking mohair suits. These suits are thoroughly practical for they do not wrinkle or crush easily, and they hold their shape in a way that linen suits never can do, yet they are quite as cool and comfortable on a hot day (Fig. 2). As she desired this suit for strictly utilitarian purposes, she preferred the model shown in the sketch, which was developed in the black and white striped mohair, yet has all the chic of the white mohair, and does not show the signs of travel as quickly. This suit was especially smart because of the clever manipulation of the stripes, some running vertically as on the overskirt, others running horizontally as in the underskirt, and still others on the diagonal as demonstrated by the fronts of the jacket and the pockets. While this idea lends a decorative value to the suit, it does not interfere in any way with its strict tailored appearance. The Matinée Girl was delighted with it, and was very much surprised to discover that it could be bought for $29.50

"Now I must have a hat to wear with it," she exclaimed, "one of those snappy little hats that can be securely fastened with a veil." Out of the hordes of small hats brought for her inspection she selected the one shown in the sketch. It was made from hemp in the smart "niggerhead" tone—which is almost a black, but not quite—and the crown of draped satin was in the new Mediterranean blue tint. A knot of the satin in the back held the numidie feather which rose proud and erect, lending that air of snap and go which

Fig. 2.

Fig. 4 A.

Fig. 4.

makes these knowing little hats so fetching. The Matinée Girl had quite lost sight of the prices of the various hats, and opened her blue eyes in pleased amazement when the clerk showed her the tag for $9.75.

For More Formal Occasions

"The mohair suit is all very well," the Matinée Girl announced. "It is just what I want for a knockabout suit, but I must have one of the three-piece costumes for best." The suit which pleased her most was a gray moiré (Fig. 3), one of the soft, delicate mouse grays, which are so universally becoming, particularly to the woman with round, pink cheeks. She hesitated a few minutes, however, between this shade and one of the new sand tones, but the gray won the day. In any shade, the model would be a smart one, for the style has combined many of the latest features. The draping of the skirt is conservative, yet chic, and is brought to the front where it is caught with motifs made of cording. A similar motif is used to fasten the jaunty jacket which has a dash and a go that struck the fancy of the Matinée Girl without any recommendation from the saleswoman. This jacket is sharply cutaway in the front but rounds in the back, extending about twelve inches deeper. There is not the slighest suggestion of trimming, but there is no necessity for any as the lines of the coat are so good that it would be a pity to mar them with any trimming. A pretty color scheme is introduced, however, by piping the collar, the line where the sleeve is attached to the body of the jacket, and the cuffs, with blue satin. It is just a mere *soupçon* of color but it gives the right touch. The Matinée Girl had already confided the fact that she expected to pay about a hundred dollars for this suit so that the tag bearing the figures $55 was a happy surprise.

As the suit had cost only one-half what she had intended to spend for it, she did not hesitate to place the rest, and a little bit more, in the hat. It was a Milan straw hat, the straw most favored for handsome, dressy hats. The top of the brim was faced with black satin, and there was a flat pump bow of black satin perched directly in the centre of the front. The chief expense, however, came in the feather fancy, on the order of a soft quill, which struck out in an independent air, as if it realized its value, from the back. After the hat was once placed on the head of the Matinée Girl, it did seem worth the $55 asked for it.

More Hats

Now if there is one fad which the Matinée Girl possesses with a vengeance, it is hats. She cannot drag herself past a milliner's shop; it is always her temptation, and she excuses it by saying that "a new hat is an economy for it will freshen up any toilette (Fig. 4), and you don't have to go to the expense of buying a new costume." She had had just enough "sugar" while selecting the hats to wear with her suits to demand more, and off she went in the search of some Burgesser hats. One of the new square shapes in felt filled her with the passion of possession, and she immediately bought it as a sporting hat to wear yachting or golfing. The square effect in the front was not only new, but very becoming, and the white moiré band was quite sufficient trimming.

She was so delighted with the trig lines of this tailored hat that she asked for others bearing the Burgesser trade-mark. It was with the greatest difficulty that she finally decided to confine her purchase to one of the new Panamas. No lover ever solved the problem of "were t'other fair charmer away" with more reluctance that she displayed in making this final selection. The hat was a little beauty, with its clever draping of blue moiré and the Futurist colorings carried out in the red, orange and green tones of the satin flowers resting against the silken folds. She couldn't resist the temptation at the last minute

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to tell the saleswoman to send home a hat of yellow straw with natural-looking roses and daisies encircling the crown and a large bow of blue ribbon in the back. "It will be so pretty with white linen or lingerie gowns," she added by way of explanation.

The Lure of the Blouse

"Before I buy any more gowns," the Matinée Girl announced, "I am going to secure some blouses to wear with my suits." The Matinée Girl at heart is a Futurist in her worship of color, and if she had smothered this love in selecting a black-and-white suit (Fig. 5), she intended to give it free rein when it came to blouses. All of the pure white waists she passed by, whether they were made of crêpe, or voile, or chiffon, and finally settled on a white linen blouse with a deep collar and wide cuffs of bright blue linen. The fine handkerchief linen used for this blouse permitted tucking in clusters of six, with three large tucks over the shoulder. The effect was sufficiently tailored to satisfy the fastidious little shopper, yet the blouse was as delightfully feminine and dainty as the frilly crêpe waists. It was an inexpensive blouse, for the Matinée Girl paid only $3.75 for it.

To wear with her moiré costume, she insisted upon one of the chiffon whimsicalities. She couldn't find just what she wanted in gray so she selected instead one of white shadow lace with the alluring little camisole of pink net, giving a suggestion to flesh, which, to say the least, was tantalizing. The touch of black, that the French insist is indispensable, was introduced on the collar of black net, which in turn was partially veiled by a second collar of the shadow lace. Though the effect of this fetching little creation was dressy, it was really a practical blouse, and it was not an extravagent purchase, for the price was less than $15—$13.50 to be exact.

For the Tennis Courts and Golf Links

"And now before I buy any more dress-up costumes," declared the Matinée Girl with a wag of her head "I am going to hunt up some clothes to play in" (Fig. 6). There was just enough suggestion of a glorified middy blouse in the tennis costume shown in the accompanying sketch to capture her fancy. "I can wear it for tennis or on the boat," she explained. In fact she was so completely captivated with the style and the practical features of the "get-up" that she ordered several made from the same pattern. The original model was fashioned from blue linen, the shade that fades not, neither under the persistent rays of the sun nor the strenuous treatment of the laundress. Straps of white linen were used as trimming both on the cuffs and on the collar, and this idea was reversed on the suit of white linen, also priced $14.75.

When the Matinée Girl discovered that the most violent reach for a ball in tennis, or a wild drive in golf, could not reveal any missing connections in the back, she insisted upon ordering two more in the blue and white mohair. "And be sure and make them from the Priestley mohair," she instructed the saleswoman. "I can tell the difference." The Priestley mohair, as she explained, was supple and soft enough to drape as you would silk, yet it possessed the wearing qualities of iron, and could withstand the hardest kind of usage. Though she preferred the blue and cream tones, the color chart represented in this material is most comprehensive and appealing, all the lovely brown and tan shades, the pretty subtle reds and yellows, and the cool-looking greens and lavenders. In fact, the lavender mohair was so alluring that the Matinée Girl ordered a strictly tailored coat and skirt suit to wear to the country club in the morning when there was a cool breeze which would make a coat comfortable.

The talk of tennis frocks awoke a desire for a tennis tournament in the heart of the Matinée Girl, and with this fancy free young creature to wish for anything is to go ahead and find a way to carry out the desire. The idea of a tournament suggested the trophies, and straightway the Matinée Girl marched to a silversmith to select the cups. There were large cups, like the one in the sketch, for the lucky winners, and dear little miniature affairs, on their tiny pedestals, for consolation prizes to the "also-rans."

More Sporting Togs

As no sporting outfit is complete without the sweater, the next number on the shopping program was the selection of this important garment. Here again the Matinée Girl's love of color cropped out, and she picked a gay affair of green shot with yellow (Fig. 7), after turning down one of purple with a cerise lining which glimmered through in the true Futurist fashion. This sweater was one of the new ones, made half from silk and half from wool, with the warmth of the latter and the beauty of the former. It was short, as the smart garments are this year, reaching barely over the hips, and derived its cachet from the severe simplicity of cut and line. It is going to be wonderfully effective this summer on the links, dotting the landscape with blotches of color as it has been doing at Biarritz recently. $25 may seem a bit expensive for a sweater, but the value is in the garment, and the price will aid in keeping it exclusive.

The Matinée Girl searched high and low for a certain skirt model from which she desired all her separate skirts to be made. She finally decided on the skirt shown in the sketch. The original model was fashioned from black and white striped ratine, and the fullness, necessary to make the skirt practical and comfortable for a sports-loving maiden who wants to dash over a tennis court, was given by the tucks let in at the side below the knee depth. When the Matinée Girl was standing, her silhouette was as straight and as narrow as in the skirt of her trotteur skirt, but as soon as she was in motion, you could see there was plenty of room for all sorts of leaps and jumps. There was a similar model for the same price ($7.75) with a cluster of six tucks in the front and in the back extending from the belt to the hem, and another model which buttoned in the front so that several of the lower buttons could be unfastened to give more freedom of limb. The Matinée Girl, however, stuck loyally to her first love and ordered duplicates in black and white serge and in the brown and white striped Priestley mohair. The latter she plans to wear on the yacht, as a wetting only improves it, according to her claim, and it won't crease and wrinkle like linen or crash.

Before she would consent to strike the sporting togs off the list, she insisted upon purchasing several

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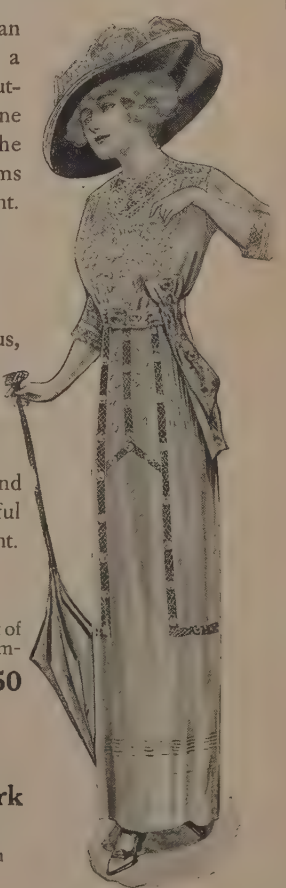

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thermos bottles. She was particularly keen on the bottle packed away neatly in a leather case which could be slung over the shoulder, though she bought another in the shape of a carafe, with the chain attached to the stopper, for service during the tennis tournament. The willow cases containing two bottles (one for the cold refreshments and the other for a hot nippy) struck her as being very practical for motor trips, which are sure to form the principal attraction of many a summer day.

After the frocks and coats and sweaters to wear on the water had been selected, the Matinée Girl became enthusiastic over the bathing suit to wear in the briny blue, for the normal summer girl would count a season ill spent which did not include a swim in the day's program of fun and frolic. "And I am not going to buy another black bathing suit," the little Lady announced. "I am tired of being a demure little nun. Here is where I blossom forth." And straightway she picked up a suit in taupe silk poplin with trimmings of Nell rose satin (Fig. 8). The combination was so effective that one really welcomed the change from the sombre blacks and blues and blowns of other years. Though the cut was distinctly novel and very chic, the price of $9.75 was very reasonable.

The selection of the accessories to complete the costume was not such an easy undertaking. For a long while the Matinée Girl weighed the charms of two bathing caps. One was a coquettish little affair of blue and white silk with a garniture of corals to lend the requisite color note. At a glance one could foretell for it French origin, as it looked more like Trouville than Newport, though the idea of springing it at Narrangansett Pier appealed to the Matinée Girl. As the price was only $2.25, she decided to buy it and also the other of black satin with a band black lace, saucy little silk flutings, and pink chiffon roses nestling in a bed of green leaves. If the lining of rubber had been omitted no one would ever have dreamed of wearing it as a bathing cap. In fact, the Matinée Girl announced that she intended to wear it in the motor, when she wasn't near a bathing beach. It was more expensive than the other, costing $4.75, but it was too fetching to be resisted, despite the price.

For a pebbly beach where she expected to give her shoes hard wear, she selected shoes of ratine which laced across the ankle, and for dress parade, sandals to match her suit. The latter were quite expensive as they were made to order, but those of ratine can be bought for $1.50. The rubber garters, which match the perky little caps of colored rubber, can be bought for 39 cents, and as the bloomer bathing suits are coming into vogue they will be ornamental as well as useful.

For Class Day

The lure of laces and frills was leading the Matinée Girl to the dressmaking salons. The gown to wear on to Harvard for class day must be chosen first, for was she not to be the guest of honor at the Pudding Spread of one of the nicest lads in the world? You would have guessed just how nice the lad really was, or how well he stood in the estimation of the little Lady, if you could have witnessed the amount of time and thought that was expended upon this particular gown (Fig. 9). The frock which was finally sent home was as girlish and pretty as it could be, though it was marked at the bargain price of $29.50. The underskirt was of plaited blue crêpe de chine, a deep, rich, intense blue known this year as the Mediterranean blue; a blue, by the way, that matched exactly the big eyes of the Matinée Girl. Over this plaited skirt fell the tunic of shadow lace in the lilac pattern, and this was caught carelessly at the side by a large, squashy rosette of crêpe de chine. A mate to this rosette clung lovingly to the side of the girdle and hid the fastening.

The waist was built over flesh pink net with a vanity band of blue hidden by the shadow lace yoke. The lace was extended to form the short sleeves, finished with a hem of the crêpe. A softly rolling collar of blue chiffon was caught together by a cluster of forget-me-nots. There was nothing to mar the girlish simplicity of this little frock, yet it was dainty and dressy enough to use as a dinner frock the rest of the summer.

An Exquisite Garden Party Frock

The Matinée Girl had grown so excited over this little class-day gown that she determined to buy for herself the handsomest lingerie gown she could find. It was to be her great extravagance, and she wanted something very smart, very rich-looking and really beautiful. She was not long in finding her heart's desire, though the price of $250 was a bit staggering. The wonderful handwork on the gown told the reason for the high charge, and as she felt that she was receiving good value for her money, she did not hesitate long in buying it (Fig. 10). The net was all hand embroidered, the underskirt and the wide bands, and where this embroidered net was not used with a liberal hand, lovely real lace was adopted. The style called for a clever manipulation of the net and lace, with the result that the gown was as soft and pretty and graceful as it could possibly be. The color note was introduced in the handsome brocaded girdle with metallic shadings, and in the blue net collar partially veiled by the upper collar of lace. The Matinée Girl was indeed a picture in it, and when she added the hat she was an inspiration to any artist. It was such a dear little picture hat of pink satin and net frills with a brim of yellow straw. The wreath of roses, blue asters and other garden blossoms was finished in the back by a bow from which fell long streamers to catch the breeze and wind themselves around the pretty neck of the owner.

A Few Accessories

Before she decided to try on a lot of evening gowns she wanted a few minutes of relaxation which she spent to her great satisfaction in picking up some accessories—necessities, she delighted in calling them. A pretty bit of neckwear that caught her fancy, and hence her pocketbook, was a Medici collar of white lace backed with black net which cost her the neat little sum of $8.76. Another effective neck fixing, which taxed her purse for $12, had a vestee and collar of white satin piped with blue satin and long lace frills at each side.

For stockings, she bought the iridescent shot silk with clocks, costing $2.75, to wear in the morning with her good-looking Colonial pumps; for the afternoon, the variegated shades, blending from dull gray at the toe to pink, which sell for $3.75, and for the evening, the fascinating fish-net stockings over colored hosiery to match the gown, which cost the neat little sum of $10.50.

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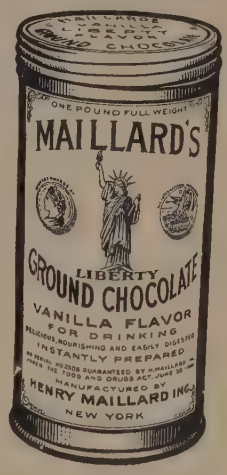

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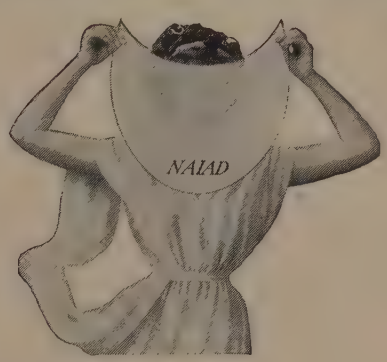

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The fashion dictate calling for shoes and stockings to match the gown or some integral feature of the costume, is one to be respected, from the financial viewpoint at any rate. The various colored leather shoes are very stunning and the Matinée Girl did not hestitate to select several pairs; a bright scarlet to wear with her white serge costume, another pair in gray to match the moiré costume, and still another in the tan shade, which is very fashionable this season (Fig. 11). The satin pumps in colors to match the frocks completely captivated her and she bought several, a stunning rich blue, a gray, and another brown. The rhinestone buckles had colored centres and the design matched the anklets, which, by the way, are an important new fad for the girl who would be strictly up to the minute. The brocade slippers she thought a little newer than the satin ones, though she purchased both, and she added several pairs of fancy heels. One pair sparkled with rhinestones, another reflected a bright red tone, and the third pair were of porcelain gaily decorated in Dresden fashion.

And Now for the Evening Gowns

As the Matinée Girl had very decided ideas on the practicality of white charmeuse evening gowns, she insisted on buying one, and decided on the charming creation which is shown in the sketch (Fig. 12). The drapery on the shirt is brought to the girdle of soft pink brocaded satin in the style so well liked this season, and is allowed to fall in graceful folds, making a natural slashing which is really delightful on a frock of this type. The fetching little tunic of net is finished with a lace edging and the bodice is entirely of lace, draped to a large shaded pink rose and falling in the back to form a Watteau train. The sleeves suggest the angel sleeves which have been revived by Paquin, and are weighted with a long silver tassel.

The other evening gown shown in the other sketch has an underskirt of white charmeuse with an overdress of pink chiffon banded with silver lace, lace flounces and bands of pink crystal beads. The fascinating corsage is a subtle blending of chiffon, lace and crystal beads.

The Foundation of the Costume

The silk tricot corsets had already won the Matinée Girl as a convert, and she ordered several pairs for her summer wardrobe, all of them with the very low bust. With these she always wears the Italian silk brassière to match her corset. This arrangement had been so ideally comfortable and had given her such good lines that she did not care to make any change, but she did institute a search for a good athletic corset, one to wear while playing tennis and riding horseback. She found just the corset she was seeking at the shop of a woman physician who makes a specialty of rubber garments. The corset was fashioned from rubber elastic webbing, and swathes the hips from the waist down almost to the knees, but there is no covering of any kind from an inch or so above the waist line. What is known as a fifteen-inch corset can be bought for $8, and a dollar additional for three extra inches in length.

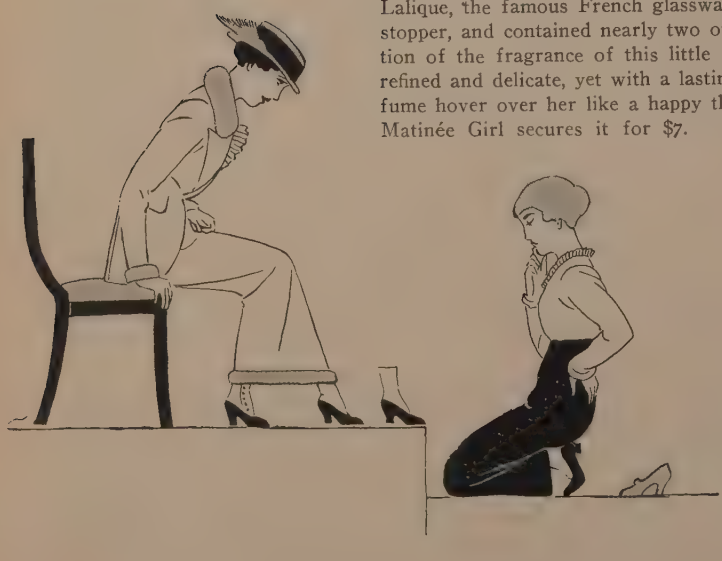
Aids to Beauty

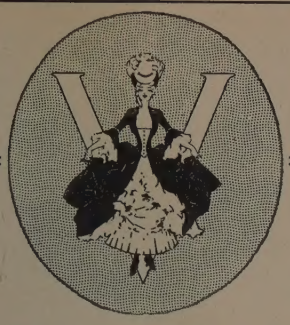
After our trip through the shops, the Matinée Girl explained that it was all very well to buy pretty frocks and fetching hats, but what was the use of it all (the time and the expense) if you did not take care of your complexion? The most stunning frock could be spoiled by a poor skin, and a bad figure would prevent any girl from being considered a beauty.

Her first visit, therefore, after the shopping *fest* had been concluded was to her beauty specialists for repairs (Fig. 13). She arranged for a series of treatments under the care of the skilled attendant who used a system made famous in three continents by the originator. This treatment consists of a gentle manipulation, not massage to stretch the skin, but a scientific manipulation to bring circulation to the tissues, and thus feed them. After one of these treatments you feel like another person, and the Matinée Girl declared that she was quite ready to begin a round of the shops all over again. As she insisted that she felt as good as she looked, she made up a party for tea at the Ritz, and her flushed face, sparkling eyes which had been rested by the careful eye treatment given by this specialist, and fresh, young complexion, attracted the admiration of the tea drinkers at the other tables. "Isn't it worth the price?" she exclaimed, when her friends called her attention to the interest she was creating among strangers. "I am going to arrange for a series of treatments to last all summer, and I have bought a box of all the necessary toilet aids to take home so that I can keep my skin in a good condition between times."

Before she started for the station to take her train back to the country home, she placed a generous order for talcum powder. The clerk showed her several brands at all of which she shook her head, until finally, in answer to her demand "for the very best," he brought forth a jar of the pink talcum powder, exhaling the delicious aroma of the roses. This is a very fine, very soft, clinging talcum, which leaves the delicious aroma of a rose garden in June on the skin, and as only the best ingredients are used in its composition, it cannot injure the most delicate skin. "75 cents a jar is, of course, much more expensive than most of the other makes," the Matinée Girl admitted, "but it is so much better that I never argue over the price."

"And now," she asked the clerk, "what is your newest and best perfume—something exclusive, refined and very fragrant?" The bottle the salesman presented won the little Lady, even before she tested the fragrance from a sample bottle. It was a stunning example of the parfumeur's art, and was designed by the great Lalique, the famous French glassware artist. The tall, elongated bottle was topped by a square-embossed stopper, and contained nearly two ounces of a new cyclamen extract. The perfume was a faithful reproduction of the fragrance of this little flower, which blossoms so abundantly in Europe, and was most appealing, refined and delicate, yet with a lasting quality which endears it to the woman who delights in having her perfume hover over her like a happy thought. The bottle is packed in a satin-lined rose leather box, and the Matinée Girl secures it for $7.





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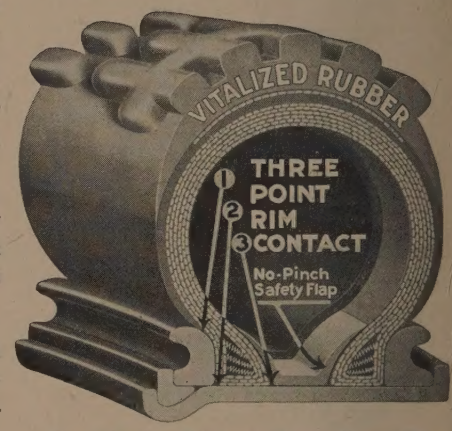

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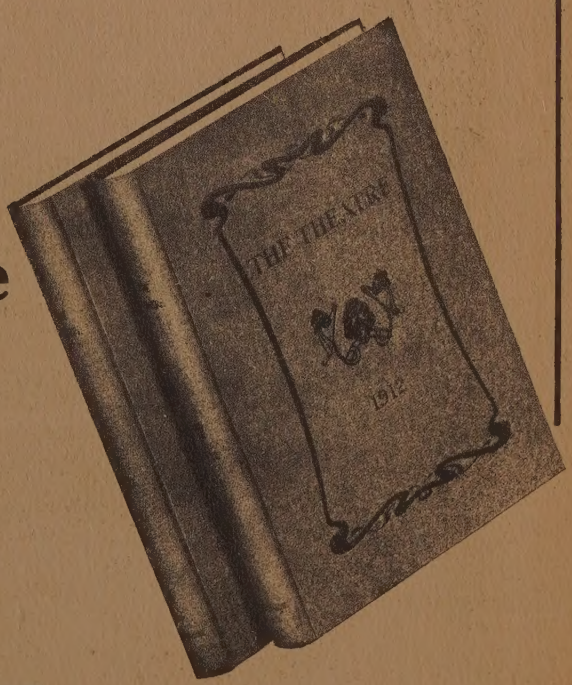

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